

The Middlesex County Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. . . . JOURNAL BUILDING, 204 MAIN STREET. . . . TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Vol XXII.

New and Elegant PIANO FORTE ROOMS.

The advertiser of first class Musical Instruments will be pleased to learn that

Mr. Oliver Green

HAS OPENED

New and Elegant Piano Forte Rooms, In Dodge's Block,

Cor. Main and Railroad Sts.,

Where he will keep constantly on hand, for sale or to let,

PIANOS, ORGANS, STOOLS,

COVERS, &c., &c.,

Pianos sold on installments on terms to those who can pay.

All instruments are of the FINEST QUALITY, and as to Style, Tone & Finish cannot be exceeded by any stock elsewhere.

All taxes can be waived, as my stock is from the best New York and Boston Manufacturers.

OLIVER GREEN,
Dodge's Block, Main Street, Woburn,
Corner of Railroad street.

Dr. M. H. ALLEN,
DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, Allen's

Sophistic Ether and Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

Particular attention paid to filling, &c.

Tooth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Soles,

Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on

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DR. C. T. LANG'S
Dental Rooms,
135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,
opposite First Congregational Church.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also for sale, trivs of Buff and Partridge Cochon, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c.

HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

W. H. FOSTER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS,

No. 241 Main St., Woburn

Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches, Promptly Attended to.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GEN'AL COLOGIST

BASIC BLOOKE,

173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogies traced and compiled. Family Histories engrossed. Diplomas filled out. Marriage Certificates written.

Office open Monday and Thursday evenings, for Instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 weeks, in advance, \$2 for Penmanship, \$3 for Bookkeeping.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN

Vestry of First Cong'l. Church,

WOBURN

Refers to the following testimonial:

WOBURN, August 9, 1871.

I take pleasure in testifying to Mr. John C. Buck, organist of the First Congregational Church, to my many former pupils, as a teacher well qualified to instruct in the art of Penmanship and Reed Organ. WILLIAM H. CLARKE.

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

G. F. JONES, Proprietor

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and on sale at the lowest prices, by

WM. WOODBERRY

SAMUEL RINN,

Fashionable Bootmaker,

139 Main Street

Opposite the First Congregational Church,

WOBURN.

Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done.

WILLIAM WINN,

Auctioneer,

Burlington, Mass.

Sales of Real and Personal Estates attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

SPRING STYLES!

We are now ready to show

the Spring styles of Hats, make

to measure, block, repair or

make over OLD HATS to the

present style at short notice.

J. W. HAMMOND,

181 Main Street.

SOLED BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

PIQUY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Cash Fund, Apr. 25, 1873, over \$230,000.

AND ALL LOSSES PAID IN FULL, over \$25,000 the past year.

Dwelling Houses, Household Furniture, Farmers' Barns and contents, Churches, Stores and contents.

And the other class of risks, insured on every favorable terms.

All Losses Promptly adjusted and paid

S. F. Thompson Agt. for Woburn.

This Company has been in operation 22 years, has paid over \$1,500,000 in Losses, and over \$100,000 in Premiums.

ISRAEL W. MUNIGUE, President.

CHAS. A. HOWLAND, Secretary.

June 20-1873

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How the Vow was Kept.

It was Saturday night. I do not know

that every woman devotes this remnant

of the week to mending, but Mary Matthews always did. Crowd her work each

day as she might, there was never any

moments left in which she could sit down

to that basket of holey things and devote

herself to its contents, save on Saturday

night, and then because the work had to

be done, though sometimes

the poor little woman was so tired, she

scoffed to know how the work was accom-

plished. Its completion, however,

she would fully realize, and if John Mat-

thews, her husband, were sitting before her,

she would look up brightly into his

face, no matter how full of weariness was

her soul. When the basket had been

more crowded than usual, and the week-

work consequently greater, the little

woman was wont to creep over to the

silken man, as the last amendment was laid

on the table, and rest her dizzy head on

his great shoulder, smoothing his hard,

coarse hands, and caressing his shaggy

beard lovingly; oftentimes, on such

occasions, she would glance furtively

towards his countenance for a—well—it

the truth must be told—I think it was

the smile of a loving heart that Mary Mat-

thews' eager eyes strove to discern. You

term this last act foolish, perhaps; for

you think that such a sentiment should

long ago have been outgrown; you de-

clare that the God who has hidden

from the wise what He has revealed unto

babes, sent comfort to the mother through

the child. Any way, I know that His

blessing rested upon them that Saturday

night in the Long Ago.

It was in the early winter. Baby Mat-

thews was wrapped in his warmest flan-

nels, but somehow they did not keep out

the cold. At least, before night came on,

the little fellow, who had worried all the

day, began to breathe very hard and gave

palpable evidence that he was sick. Mary

Matthews feared her boy was attacked

with a cold, and wanted a physician sum-

moned; but the father of the child said

he would not let him go.

It was the first time that John Mat-

thews had been to the doctor, and he

had no idea of what to do.

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John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873.

The figure printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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Cady & Co. 3 3 6
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CORONER'S INQUIRY.

An inquest on the body of the late Levi Butler was held Tuesday evening, 9:30 o'clock, in the Truant Office of the Court House, Boston, Coroner F. S. Ainsworth presiding. The following testimony was given:

Dr. R. Stedman, House Surgeon, Mass. Gen'l Hospital presented a clinical report of the case, and the result of an autopsy 12 hours after death. The report is substantially as follows:

Case of L. Butler, set 51, entered June 26th, R. R. accident. Left thigh fractured; with the exception of the thumb and forefinger, the left hand was crushed; also a scalp wound, right side. Crushed part of hand amputated by Dr. Porter, either being administered. Three fingers cut off close to articulated portion and skin flap drawn over and sutured by a suture. Two other fingers taken in the wound. The fracture of the thigh was set by splints and extension. Patient came down, and went to the top of another high building,—came down, resumed his journey, this time up five stories. Coming down, he passed up the street, and thought he missed something, but couldn't think what it was. He was troubled, but could get no relief. Finally the mystery was solved by a drop of rain! It was his umbrella he had lost. Where was it? He couldn't tell, and there was nothing for it but to retrace his footsteps. So back over the road he trudged, and in five stories, to be regarded with suspicion by the parties he inquired of respecting it; then up the second structure, with the same result. Finally up the first building he sorrowfully wended his way, and there, with that calm repose, only to be seen in the folds of a lost umbrella, reclined the object of his search. To seize it was the work of an instant, and before the astonished occupant of the office could offer a single protest, Stubbs had faded from the sight like a dream. He held that umbrella with a grip of iron and determined never to lose it again. But that of no use to do that; he will lose it again. There is no restraining influence that has any effect on an umbrella. It is entirely devoid of conscience; the more you have paid for it, the more likely it is to go; it has no love for home, and none of those noble impulses which stir the breasts of patriots, and what can you expect? Its sole aim in life is to get lost, and of no umbrella can it be truthfully said, "I have missed my destiny."

At a pleasant ride, we arrived at Woburn about ten o'clock. The grove and grounds are furnished with every desirable convenience and facility for a first rate time. Boats, swings, bathing houses, &c., speedily find patrons. The two barges, and numerous smaller craft were soon filled. Of course the presence of two sea captains could not fail to inspire the timid with a mild terror. At the swings a slight accident occurred, by which a Frampton boy was somewhat bruised. Mary Keeleher, Ida Reed, John Buckman, Herbert Moody, Charles Emery, Willie A. Davis, Lizzie M. Brown, Freddie M. Downs, Lotta W. Wyman, Anna A. Hopkins, Annie B. Ellis, Cors M. Tyler, Jessie A. Lang, Emma L. Sherburne, Jessie E. Webster, Gilbert P. Frampton, Carrie S. Parks, Kate T. Warland, Lizzie B. Goodwin, C. Ina Carter, Oliver H. Stevens, Charles S. Brown, S. Addie Emery, Alice M. Grammer, Edwin B. Blanchard, Lora L. Barnum, Helen M. Pearson, Fred E. Soles, Freddie W. Bosworth, Lilla M. Richardson, Julia Buckley, Benj. F. Story, Abbie L. Mann, Louisa M. Moreland, Sylvester A. Cutler, Fannie J. Story.

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Mr. McKenzie of the Boston Temperance Home for Inebriates, then gave us a very interesting temperance discourse. He was followed by the pastor, who, after a few humorous remarks, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, that after all the drawbacks of the morning, we vote this picnic a success.

That we return hearty thanks to the Winchester Cornet Band for the excellent music discoursed to us. Carried.

The pastor continued his remarks illustrating and enforcing his ideas of Sunday Schools and temperance, with entertaining and instructive incidents of personal history.

Andrew Craig. Boards at 11 Lyman street, Boston. An amateur violinist, who was found to have a piece of wood stuck in his neck, especially at the anterior portion, also at a point a little to the left of the occipital protuberance, was found another wound of scalp, about 1 1/2 in, in diameter, which communicated with a depression in the skull, admitting tip of finger and 1 1/2 in. depth. At a corresponding point on inside of skull was a slightly projecting sphenoid of bone and a fracture of the skull was evident.

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"One of our contemporaries makes the mistake of endeavoring to believe that the *Danbury News* man is no wit. Our friends will not Ad to their own reputations in that way; they had better Cecil imaginings which may lead to envy. They are doing well themselves; why this jealousy?

ABSCONDED.—A travelling friend of ours, says he noticed in riding from North Adams to Troy that many of the brooks and young rivers along the route, had left their bed (and board, perhaps) for a summer vacation. His wife thinks, however, that it is only for the dry season.

"A man in front of our office attempted to put on a pair of bureau drawers on Friday. He managed to get one leg on, when the horse attached to the cart started, and a mixture of humanity and cabinet shop littered the ground. He says the dressing room was too large.

ARTILLERY.—A new house has been built on Meeting House Hill for the accommodation of the town cannon.

FIRST.—The first company in the 5th Regiment, to comply with the new law is the old Concord Artillery.

THE BAPTIST S. S. PICNIC.

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WANTED.—An owner for an incendiary umbrella. Last Saturday, in the 10 o'clock A. M. train from Boston, an umbrella standing in a corner of the "water closet," took fire and blazed up. The wood-work of the car was just taking fire when one of the passengers, seeing the smoke and smelling the burning cotton, at once opened the door, seized the burning umbrella, threw it out at the window, and immediately extinguished the burning sheathing. The innocent owner of the umbrella, which alarmed the passengers, and came so near burning a car, is requested to prove property and pay charges.

"One of our contemporaries makes the mistake of endeavoring to believe that the *Danbury News* man is no wit. Our friends will not Ad to their own reputations in that way; they had better Cecil imaginings which may lead to envy. They are doing well themselves; why this jealousy?

ABSCONDED.—A travelling friend of ours, says he noticed in riding from North Adams to Troy that many of the brooks and young rivers along the route, had left their bed (and board, perhaps) for a summer vacation. His wife thinks, however, that it is only for the dry season.

ARTILLERY.—A new house has been built on Meeting House Hill for the accommodation of the town cannon.

FIRST.—The first company in the 5th Regiment, to comply with the new law is the old Concord Artillery.

THE BAPTIST S. S. PICNIC.

pot, a few days since, they were seized with consternation at seeing a red flag on a post in the lot. They thought they were in for an instalment of the smallpox. Friend Ben, we wish you would be a little more careful with your red flag as the public mind is very sensitive.

IMPROVEMENTS.—We were pleased to note in passing the manufactory of Chas. Schwamb at the west end, that he has been making a great many improvements. He has put in a new boiler, which necessarily caused the erection of a new chimney, or smoke stack which is quite ornamental. He has also added another story to his manufactory, and moved a building to a better location for the better accommodation of a new engine which he is putting in.

ROW.—Disturbances upon the horses are of frequent occurrence in Arlington. There is a class who persist in staying out late, drinking the "cathar," and then punching somebody's head. This amiable desire is sometimes opposed, and then the "row begins." On Monday night after the 10 o'clock horse car had arrived and been put up, a party of three persons got into some alteration with the hostler, and when the conductor, F. A. Fessenden, attempted to make the trio desist, they turned upon him, and the result was a sort of ecchymosis of conjunctiva of the eyes—that is, they were blacked. The watch appearing on the scene, captured one of the party, two making their escape.

WATER.—The Commissioners are having applications for water from every side. It is the more gratifying, because some of the takers were among the bitterest opponents of the movement. During this extremely dry season, the value of the system has come home to many a mind, otherwise unimpassioned. It will be of greater value as each year passes, and in ten years, people will wonder how they ever got along without it. One farmer, who had opposed the introduction of the water, was chagrined to find that a gentleman in the centre of town with the water, had been enabled to send vegetables to market a week earlier than he (the farmer) could possibly do. This converted him, and the water was carried upon his farm. Farmers, especially prize it, and so will every man before many years.

R. R. ACCIDENT.—Wednesday, July 2d was quite a day for accidents. Winchester witnessed a terrible smash-up of freight trains, and on our own road, sixteen or seventeen freight cars were thrown from the track just above Brattle Station. No cause upon which any dependence can be placed, is assigned. No one was injured. Trains were delayed, and a gang of repairers were soon on the spot, clearing up and replacing the track which was torn up and badly bent.

LUXATOR.

PROMENADE CONCERT.—About 250 gathered at the "Class of '73" reception at the Hall, Friday at eight P. M. The music by the Germania Band was very nice, and with promenading and refreshments a happy evening was spent.

OUR READERS SHOULD CAREFULLY READ the "ad" in another column, of the Back and Spinal Supporter. It corrects that most deplorable habit, the contraction of the shoulders and chest. It is cordially recommended by our most eminent musical professors and physicians, and all who use it will bless the inventor.

TEACHERS, ATTENTION!—We understand that Miss Sarah E. Sturtevant who has taught the Bowditch School during the past year, to the entire satisfaction of the committee, has resigned the position, for a school of different grade, leaving a vacancy to be filled before Sept. 1st. The salary now paid makes the position quite desirable.

ALUMNI.—The first regular gathering of the High School alumni, occurred Friday evening at the school room, at six o'clock. A goodly number were present, and a couple of hours quickly flew by, in singing original songs, short speeches, vocal and instrumental music, reading of chronicles, etc., etc. Addresses were made by Mr. A. E. White, principal of the High School, Mr. L. L. Dame, principal of the Stoneham High School, Mr. James E. Parker, master of the Alston Grammar school, and Mr. A. E. Scott, of the local school committee. The Alumni is now an established fact, and its friends reasonably claim an increasing interest in it from year to year.

STATUES.—At a late meeting of the Statue Committee, it was voted that the order for two statues be given to two different artists. The committee decided to pay for the two, \$8000. All but \$2000 of this is raised, and with this showing, they feel encouraged to go on and contract for the work. The well-known artist is to furnish the statue of Samuel Adams, and Gould, also an artist of high order, will furnish the statue of John Hancock. They will place them in the hall early in 1875, so that they will be ready for the centenary. With the work in the hands of these two artists of merit and ability, we shall have the niches properly filled, and in after years, when Massachusetts points to her works of art, the Lexington Memorial Hall will be included in the list. The Committee were unanimous upon the final vote, although a strong difference of opinion existed at first. The individual members of the committee bind themselves to make up the deficiency of \$2000, and there is no doubt but what the amount can be raised. Success in this matter is a duty.

DANGEROUS.—When the question of railroad extension was being discussed, we opposed the crossing of Hancock street at grade, giving among other reasons that of public safety. It was decided, however, to cross at grade, and the road was so built. While we have no accident at this place to report, yet we have no reason to change our opinion. To illustrate the danger we give the following:

A little past six o'clock, last Friday afternoon, a gentleman and family were driving down Hancock street. As he approached the track, he listened for the warning bell or whistle, of any train that might be near. Not hearing such, he drove across, and had just cleared the track when a down train rushed by. This had been hidden by the houses on the street. Fifteen or twenty feet is a short

distance between life and death. We need a flagman and a gate at this crossing, and it is poor economy to wait until a frightful accident occurs there, before they are supplied. The railroad crosses at grade, but public safety demands protection of some sort. Who has any authority to act?

ANNUAL RECEPTION.—The interest awakened in the public mind by the late prize speaking, by members of the High School, was sufficient to fill the Town Hall, Thursday evening June 26th, long before the hour of commencement. The stage was hidden by a temporary curtain, at the base of which were arranged in profusion, vases of beautiful flowers. Promptly at 7:30 o'clock the school marched in from the ante-rooms and took seats in front of the stage. After a few words by the principal, Mr. A. E. White, the exercises commenced with hymns sung by the entire school. The graduating class consisted of six members only, and the evening's entertainment was made up of their essays, together with recitations and dialogues by other members of the school, the whole being pleasantly interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. The subjects of the graduating essays were as follows: "Hunger and Love, the world's ministrers," with Salutatory, Annie E. Bryant; "Author and Publisher," Sarah L. Adams; "Credit莫尔," Wm. H. Mulliken; "Higher Influences," Nellie E. Harrington; "Let there be light," Minnie T. Brown; "Principia non Homines," with Valedictory, John E. A. Mulliken. The essays were all very creditable compositions, and were delivered finely. Miss Hattie E. Blinn recited a selection from Longfellow's "Golden Legend," with a great deal of taste and feeling. Clifford W. Bryant declaimed capitally, a humorous poem entitled, "The Fourth of July." Messrs. E. M. Mulliken, Donovan and Rogers debated the comparative merits of Washington and Lafayette. Two dialogues were given by the young masters, which elicited considerable applause, and kept the audience in the best of humor. The characters of a charming allegory, called "The revolt of the bees," were sustained by thirteen young ladies in an artistic manner. The best performance of the evening was the concert speaking, because the most difficult. The entire school recited Schiller's poem, "The Battle," and it was rendered with one voice, and made very interesting. The music was far above the average of public schools, and in one case, that of the "Hallelujah Chorus," was superbly done. The graduating class sang a piece written for the occasion, after which Mr. A. E. Scott of the school committee, addressed the audience in terms highly complimentary to the school. The diplomas were awarded, and the assembly joined with the scholars in singing "Auld Lang Syne at School," and the graduating exercises of the class of '73 were over. Most of the large audience remained until the close, notwithstanding the great length of the programme. The school appeared well, and the teachers, Mr. A. E. White, and Miss L. M. Thurston, may consider that their pupils paid them for the arduous and extended labors which they have bestowed upon the event.

HANDBOOK OF HARDY TREES, SHRUBS, AND HERBACEOUS PLANTS. BOSTON, ESTD. 'LATE.

This is a full fledged volume rather than a hand-book. Several authors, who evidently know how to handle the subject upon which they have written, have given many of the valuable attractions to the work in question. This book will be found of value to every one desirous of knowing what kind of a tree or shrub to plant in a particular place. In the well selected catalogue of hardy trees, the amateur may safely rely upon the instructions laid down before him in plain, practical common sense terms. Many subjects connected with ornamental gardening and the true conception of the beautiful in grouping is here given. Our personal acquaintance with the whole subject of the work enables us to recommend this work as a valuable and truthful encyclopedia of many facts, necessary to be known by every resident of the country, or admirer of the beautiful in nature. An additional value is given to the work in a well-written introduction to American readers by E. S. Rand, Jr., who is too much known to all American Horticulturists to need any indorsement at our hands. Illustrated by three hundred finely executed wood cuts.

THE MYSTERY OF METROPOLIS—by Edward Eggleston. New York, Oranges Judd & Co.

Mr. Eggleston's new book will find many readers who will be well pleased and amused with the story. They will read it and lay it down again without noticing many of its strong points.

There is much that is good in this work, clear, precise, vivid delineations of character, that goes well beyond mere word praising, or "pretty talk," illustrates the author's ability to tell a separate tale, a straightforward story, bringing out in full relief all its incidents. His power we think lies rather in doing full justice to separate parts, single incidents, rather than a power of continuity. This fault, if it be, will be overcome in time. The author unquestionably possesses powers that should be no means lost to the world. We shall again notice this book; we have only time to make an announcement of the same in this number of our paper.

FOR FAMILY USE.

THE

HALFORD

LEICESTERSHIRE

Table Sauce,

THE BEST SAUCE & RELISH

Made in any part of the World.

FOR

FAMILY USE.

50 Cents.

Half Pints, 30 Cents.

For Sale by all Grocers.

Married

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Boston, N. H., June 29th, by Rev. E. J. Steinmetz, Mr. Green & Ulrich, 173 Main Street, and Miss Josephine B. Strauss, of Hyde Park.

In Woburn, Mass., June 25th, at the residence of the Rev. Mr. Parker, parson of the First Congregational Church, Woburn, 10 years, 7 months, 1 day, Lydia W. Parker, 10 years, 7 months, 1 day, Lydia W. Parker, 10 years, 7 months, 1 day.

In Boston, N. H., June 29th, by Rev. E. J. Steinmetz, Mr. Green & Ulrich, 173 Main Street, and Miss Josephine B. Strauss, of Hyde Park.

In Woburn, Mass., June 25th, Charles E. Taylor, aged 3 months, 22 days.

In Boston, June 25th, Mrs. C. W. F. Taylor, wife of Bowen Taylor, aged 49 years, 7 months, 1 day.

In Boston, June 25th, Mrs. Henry S. Kelsey, 10 years, 7 months, 1 day.

In Boston, July 1st, Mrs. Lydia Richardson, aged 10 months.

PURIFY THE BLOOD, there is no medicine so good as Bitter. It is good for the skin, roots and herbs is a corroborative, compound, the medicine of the day. None should be without this invaluable medicine. Sold by Dealers in Medicines generally.

Special Notices.

W. H. P. NOTICE.

All past members of the Woburn Mechanics have a desire to see the company once more in active service to be present at the armory Monday evening, July 5th, at 8 o'clock, when the roll will be open for enrollments.

For Order,

101 A. L. RICHARDSON, Lient. Comdg.

OPENING.

The subscriber will open the new Store,

No 196 Main Street WOBURN,

On Tuesday, July 8th,

AS AN

ICE CREAM,

AND

DINING SALOON.

The Saloon will be newly fitted throughout, and well adapted to the business. He will keep a choice stock of

CONFECTORY,

of the purest and best varieties.

Catering for Parties, etc., as usual.

Parties and Families supplied with

ICE CREAM, CAKE, ETC., ETC.,

AT SHORT NOTICE.

O. R. STILL.

Remember the Place! New Store!

No 196 Main Street Woburn.

FOR THE COUNTRY!

FOR THE SEA-SHORE!

CHOICE COLLECTIONS OF ROUND MUSIC!

"GEMS OF STRAUSS!"

Containing all Strauss's best Waltzes, Galops, Quadrilles, Mazurkas, &c. About 20,000 gold. Price, \$2.50.

"MUSICAL TREASURE."

Filled with the best of new music for the Voice or Piano. Over 1000 Gems, all established favorites. Price, \$2.50.

"WREATH OF GEMS."

Choicer Songs, Ballads, &c. Price, \$2.50.

"Piano-Forfe GEMS."

Containing the best Piano-forfe Music. Price, \$2.50.

"PIANO-Forfe GEMS."

Containing the best Piano-forfe Music. Price, \$2.50.

"ORGAN AT HOME."

Just out! A new collection of over 200 of the most popular pieces of the day, arranged for Organ or Piano. Over 100 Gems, all established favorites. Price, \$2.50.

"HARVEST."

Containing all the best Waltzes, Galops, Quadrilles, Mazurkas, &c. About 20,000 gold. Price, \$2.50.

"WINDSHIELD."

Containing all the best Waltzes, Galops, Quadrilles, Mazurkas, &c. About 20,000 gold. Price, \$2.50.

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Containing

The Middlesex County Journal.

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Vol XXII.

WOBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873.

No 43.

New and Elegant PIANO FORTE ROOMS.

The makers of first class Musical Instruments will be pleased to learn that

Mr. Oliver Green

HAS OPENED

New and Elegant Piano Forte Rooms,
In Dodge's Block,
Cor. Main and Railroad Sts.,

Where he will keep constantly on hand, for sale or
to let,

PIANOS, ORGANS, STOOLS,

COVERS, &c., &c.,

Pianos sold on instalments on terms to
suit. Also Pianos Tuned.

All instruments are of the FINEST QUALITY,
and as to Style, Tone and Finish cannot be
exceeded by any stock elsewhere.

All tastes can be suited, as my stock is from the
best New York and Boston Manufacturers.

OLIVER GREEN,

Dodge's Block, Main Street, Woburn.
Corner of Railroad street.

Poetry.

LITTLE DARLING.

Linger near me, little darling,
Make my life a pleasant dream;
Chasm away the hours of sadness,
Let your smiles upon me beam.
Let me be your constant companion
In my own, and sweetly say
That you love me, little darling,
Love me better day by day.

Linger near me when the sunlight
Of my life is gleaming fair;
All day long the joy may bring me
I would have you fondly share,
In the calm and lovely evening,
I would have you by my side;
You are still my only blessing
In this world so wide!

Linger near me, when in sorrow
I am bowed, and joy is down;
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Tell me you are still my own;
In my gloom and in my gladness,
Win me with your gentle smile;
As the drowsy loves the lily,
So I love you all the while

—Orpheus.

Selected.

The Supervisor's Story.

It was at —, in Yorkshire, that I first met with my friend the supervisor.

I had the pleasure of an evening's conversation with him, an evening and a morning, as I may say, for we didn't go to bed all that night, and the tots of today reached a total that caused Reason to totter on her throne. We were conversing among other topics upon Feudalism; and I remarked to my friend the supervisor that I felt a little tender in touching on the theme, for that I didn't exactly know, although I was certain he was a Scotchman, whether he mightn't be an Irishman as well. You'll bear in mind that we'd reached the stage of our "toddle tournament," which might be termed the *melee* (or the mellow, in the vernacular); anyhow, we were getting mixed up in our ideas.

"And I am not surprised at that same," said Sandy, "for I lived many years in Ireland, when I was just a guinea, and I grew so intimate with the Irish that my tongue got a twist that it's never recovered from to this day. I was in a wildish part of the country, up among the bogs of Tipperary. I was just a raw laddie, then, upon my approbation, as it were, and I was gey active, ye may be sure, routing about the country hunting for stags and shebeens, and 'searching auld wives' barrels,' trying to spear our something that might be a feather in my cap, and bring me speedy promotion. But never a drop of potheen or the whiff of a stink I could come across though they were swarming about me the whiles.

It was just the dusk of the evening I got to the top of the hill that looked over my seat, behind, where there was nobody but an old woman, who was fast asleep, propped up by some boxes. I seated myself beside the old woman, and went to sleep too. The coach stopped at Montmellick to change, and that roused me, and then I heard my own name called.

"M'Allister! Saunders M'Allister! are you there?"

"Sure enough I am," I said, jumping up a hole for the smoke to come out.

It wasn't for being laughed at, I'd gone back. Well, I dropped down into the hollow, and walked up to the cabin. The door was open; and the that came to me for a moment that they'd all gone off, and pleased I'd have been for that. But no, there was a bit fire in the corner, and in the darkness I could just see some people crouching down, and the old grandmother sitting in her chair by the fire.

"God save all here!" I said, as I walked in.

"Say ye kindly!" replied a gruff voice from the corner.

And with that I sat down on the old kish that had been filled with turf, and pulled out my pipe and began to smoke. I could distinguish objects now in the gloom. There was just a heap of children in the corner, with an old rag covering them, sleeping just as sweetly, too, as if they'd been wrapped in down; and there was the mother of them with the babe at her breast, and Terence lying doubled up with his head in his bosom; but never another soul in the hut.

"Take a draw of a pipe, mon," said I; "and don't be downhearted."

I gave him my bag of tobacco, and he found a pipe in the corner, and began to smoke.

"Ye'll no have a wee drap whiskey in the house," I said.

"Divil a drap your hanner's left us," said the man dry.

"Take a pull at my flask, then," said I.

"It's the decent drop o' liquor you get up there beant."

"Be me soul, it is."

"And it's a decent gossoon that sells it," I went on.

"Indeed he is."

"Will there be a drop left in the jug up beant?"

"There's lashings of it."

"Maybe ye'd like a drop o' more than that?"

"Indeed I would."

"Then I'll be for treating you, friend," and I linked my arm with his, and away we went over hill and dale, while we came to a long hut in a bit bog or drizzle, where there was a reek of peat smoke, and a bit of a bumbling noise that was the poor fellows inside singing. Well, my friend gave a sort of a countersign that I couldn't see the trick of, and he and I both walked in and sat down on a heap of turfs by the floor, and called for the potheen, and I paid for it, and never a one of them was the wiser. But they hadn't got the still there. I found that out; it was up among the bogs some where, and I was hoping that we'd drop something that'd give me a line to it when it was, when all of a sudden there dropped in a little man, a grocer from the town, and the lime from the door as it opened up lit up my face, and in the surprise of the moment he sang out,

"Hold yer tongue, Bridget!" shouted Terence, interrupting her.

"There is a way," I said. "If Terence will show me the road to the still up among the bogs, he'll be off his imprisonment, and happen get twenty pounds into the bargain."

"O Lord," I said, breathing a mental prayer, "let me off this once, and I'll never offend any more."

The supervisor—Chandler, his name was, queer enough, seeing he was for all the world as I have said before, just like a tallow candle, he clambered up with his prisoner to where I was sitting, and took his place just opposite me at the very back of the coach, you know, with his face to the horses. Just the jerk of starting the coach woke up the old woman, and she, looking about in wonder for a moment, threw her arms up and began to cry.

"Oh, what will we do, what will we do?" Oh, Terry, Terry, will ye leave the children to starve, and the babe that hangs to me breast? Ochone! Ochone!"

"Whist, woman, d'ye hear? Mayhap it isn't so bad as we think. Mayhap his hanner will give us a week or two while the prates come out of the ground, and—"

"Indeed I would."

"Then I'll be for treating you, friend," and I linked my arm with his, and away we went over hill and dale, while we came to a long hut in a bit bog or drizzle, where there was a reek of peat smoke, and a bit of a bumbling noise that was the poor fellows inside singing. Well, my friend gave a sort of a countersign that I couldn't see the trick of, and he and I both walked in and sat down on a heap of turfs by the floor, and called for the potheen, and I paid for it, and never a one of them was the wiser. But they hadn't got the still there. I found that out; it was up among the bogs some where, and I was hoping that we'd drop something that'd give me a line to it when it was, when all of a sudden there dropped in a little man, a grocer from the town, and the lime from the door as it opened up lit up my face, and in the surprise of the moment he sang out,

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"Oh, what will we do, what will we do?" Oh, Terry, Terry, will ye leave the children to starve, and the babe that hangs to me breast? Ochone! Ochone!"

"Whist, woman, d'ye hear? Mayhap it isn't so bad as we think. Mayhap his hanner will give us a week or two while the prates come out of the ground, and—"

"Indeed I would."

"Then I'll be for treating you, friend," and I linked my arm with his, and away we went over hill and dale, while we came to a long hut in a bit bog or drizzle, where there was a reek of peat smoke, and a bit of a bumbling noise that was the poor fellows inside singing. Well, my friend gave a sort of a countersign that I couldn't see the trick of, and he and I both walked in and sat down on a heap of turfs by the floor, and called for the potheen, and I paid for it, and never a one of them was the wiser. But they hadn't got the still there. I found that out; it was up among the bogs some where, and I was hoping that we'd drop something that'd give me a line to it when it was, when all of a sudden there dropped in a little man, a grocer from the town, and the lime from the door as it opened up lit up my face, and in the surprise of the moment he sang out,

"Hold yer tongue, Bridget!" shouted Terence, interrupting her.

"There is a way," I said. "If Terence will show me the road to the still up among the bogs, he'll be off his imprisonment, and happen get twenty pounds into the bargain."

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MIDDLESEX COUNTY JOURNAL SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873.

Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscriber's name on the paper are to be written in ink. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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DISASTER.—The schooner Senator of and from New York, for Boston, struck on the southeast side of Bishop & Clark's Ledge, on Saturday, during a fog, and immediately blazed. She lies in an exposed position, and will have to be dredged before she can be saved. She had on board a large engine for the Woburn Water Works; also a lot of water pipes and pig iron. Should the weather hold moderate the vessel and cargo will probably be saved.

A man was saved from Capt. M. B. Towner states that the schooner Senator, ashore on Bishops & Clarks, is wedged between four rocks and badly strained. An attempt will be made to pump her out at the first favorable opportunity.

The Senator is a cargo ship for the Woburn Water Works, weighing about twenty-five tons, together with twenty tons of railroad iron, twenty tons of pig iron, twenty thousand feet of deck planks, and a lot of powder has been taken from the wreck and landed on the wharf at Hyannis.

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ADAMS HOUSE VARIETY.—We have seen a programme issued by the Adams House Variety Troupe, at E Cambridge, for their "popular and unrivaled entertainments" on the Fourth. We should think they might be both. There were 17 star performers, and an appreciative audience. We observe a Woburn name among the performers, and he undoubtedly took his part with great gusto. The behavior of the "stars" and the audience was unexceptionable, the latter remaining in their seats until the close of the play, and the former appearing on the stage sober, which is more than can be said of some performers on the other side of the Charles. We are glad to know that everybody had "lots of fun."

INCENDIARY FIRE.—About half past one o'clock on the morning of the Fourth some one set fire to the Warren street schoolhouse and it was entirely consumed. The Department turned out and the Winchester Department was also present. The flames were confined to school house, although houses in the vicinity were endangered by the flying sparks. The schoolhouse was insured for \$2,000. An inquiry into the cause of this fire should be held, and a reward offered for the detection of the incendiaries. We heard the sentiment advanced that as the firing of crackers, and other disturbances were forbidden, and that fire was not what we might expect, and quite what we deserve. Men who really hold such views are no better than incendiaries. If we must give up one night in the year to riot and anarchy it is best to know it, and submit with the greatest possible; but if that is not yet definitely settled, it would be becoming in our officials to meet the issue and see which will prevail in Woburn. We have no doubt how it would end. There are enough law-abiding citizens in town to sustain the authorities in all proper measures.

INCENDIARY ACCIDENT.—Monday afternoon Mr. J. M. Eaton and wife were riding from North Woburn, and when near the R R bridge at North Woburn station, their horse took fright at a wheelbarrow beside the road and shied. Mr. Eaton had nearly succeeded in driving the horse, by when a man came up the steps from the station with a bag on his shoulders, which so terrified the horse that he whirled, and overturned the buggy, and both occupants were thrown to the ground. Mr. Eaton had his leg broken in two places, and his wife had both bones of the wrist broken. Mr. Eaton attempted to rise after he was hurt, and the bones were forced through the skin. He was taken home and cared for. His wife did not discover the extent of her injuries until reaching home. Their escape from death was quite fortunate.

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SAOON.—Still has opened a new and convenient saloon at 106 Main street. There you can get a good ice cream, a cooling drink or a good square meal. We are glad to announce that our neighbor still lives. Long may he continue.

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monument garlanded with a watering pot. The dilapidated and rheumatic fence (?) which disgraced the Main street in front of the depot was removed, and the public eye will be tortured no more with that. In the forenoon of the Fourth a game of ball was played between the Hussars of Lexington and a mixed nine made of town boys and members of the Woburn High School nine, the former winning in a game of five innings by a score of 16 to 6. Once in a while during the day and evening the sound of a stray fire cracker was heard, and in the evening a half dozen rockets now and then lit up the sky. The stillness of the day made it very agreeable.

Some time ago the government forwarded to the different post offices a glazed frame in which daily reports of the weather were to be placed. With many bright anticipations we looked for their coming. What a comfort thought we, to know what the Clerk of the Weather has in store for us. What plans we could make and what labor we could save. No more hurrying to save the well-cared-for hay from the threatening shower; no more picnics broken up or dispersed by the same dampening process. Here at last was a certainty, and we thanked Uncle Sam and waited. We had begun to despair of ever seeing such a thing as a report in the frame, when as we entered the office a few days ago, we espied a piece of paper underneath the glass. Joyfully we hurried towards it to welcome it as the first of a noble race, when imagine our disgust we found instead of a weather report the following: "Pasturage for Cows on reasonable terms."

The revulsion of feeling was too much. This indignity ought not to be overlooked. The public mind should arise in its might and demand the head of the author of this outrage. We have heard somewhere that "truth crushed to earth will rise again," but what can ever restore our confidence in the Weather Report. To have one's hopes so completely crushed is humiliating.

Bedford.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.—The unspeakable ringing of bells, blowing of fish horns and innumerable screechings of our amateurs were the first demonstrations of the anniversary of the nation's great day, and many of the participants of this fearful jubilee might well be asked, "Does your mother know you are out?" but as the sun came to view these fine luminaries died away, and a foreigner sojourning here would hardly have known that this was the nation's birthday, for that still which has stood and ornamented our beautiful common since the early part of the late civil conflict, and borne our emblem of freedom at the very top of its mast, whenever joy and gladness filled the nation's heart as well as suspending it at half its height when the nation's heart was bleeding, lowering it gently as if touched with sympathy as one after another of "our fallen heroes" were returned to their kindred dust, that still in its fragmentary condition is but a silent reminder of all of these scenes of the past, while the "stars and stripes" are carefully stored from the view of the passing stranger. The evening was made lively by a display of fire works procured by our young folks, together with the roar of the shop piece of the town, "the old anvil."

ABRAM.

BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF LABOR.—We find the following in a Boston paper:

Of the many departments of the State House, perhaps none, for the period of its existence, has been the subject of so much attention and public interest as the Bureau of Statistics of Labor. Organized about four years ago to shed light upon the complicated questions arising concerning capital and labor, the opinion has arisen among many that its investigations have been suspended, with a finality calculated to distract mind from the value of its statistics and conclusions. Accordingly, during the session of the last legislature, the former chief of the bureau, General Oliver of Salem, was superseded by Mr. D. Wright, a member of the State Senate.

Since his appointment Senator Wright has been originating plans for the thorough reorganization of the bureau. The question as to whether savings banks are dependent upon the power of the bureau for their deposits has been a mooted one by this bureau and has not been satisfactorily settled. Senator Wright is aiming at a method by which the facts in this matter may be obtained from every savings bank in the State. The plan is to endeavor to invest in the workings of the Bureau of Statistics of the National Government at Washington and of similar departments in foreign countries, so as to arrive at the best methods of operating the bureau the year round, and the subject of the purchasing power of money in different countries, and very valuable comparative tables will be given in connection therewith.

At the present time, full attention will be given to the matter of the protection of employees, not only in factories but in manufactures, from fires, crowding, poor ventilation, liability to injury from machinery, etc. A novel feature will be the comparative active wages of brain and hand work, and the results will show what professional labor brings in comparison with skilled and unskilled mechanical labor. Yet another subject for investigation will be the wages of women when performing the work of men.

This has been given in part a general idea of what the bureau proposes to undertake for some time to come, and it is hardly necessary to add that in the consideration of these weighty questions, no partisan bias will be brought to bear, and the facts as they evolve will be left to speak for themselves. The day the bureau will be to pursue all investigations in the direction that shall have a practical bearing on the condition of the people who earn their own living.

And now as to the method of working. The plan is to have actual investigation on the spot, instead of relying on parties answering circulars sent out. The experience of the past, both at Washington and elsewhere, is that the latter method is extremely unreliable. Colonel Wright will not rely upon his own judgment alone, but proposes to consult the eminent men of this country who have interested themselves in subjects germane to the bureau, and receive their suggestions as to the best methods of working this important department, and the best subjects to investigate.

The headquarters of the bureau have recently been removed to No. 33 Pember-ton square (recently leased by the State) where in a very pleasant, cosy and tastily furnished suite of rooms on the first floor may be found Colonel Wright—ever ready to give his visitors a courteous greeting—with a strong right hand man in the person of his pupil, Major George H. Long. A considerable and efficient secretary is in the person of Mr. Charles F. Pidgeon. These gentlemen comprise the present force of the office, while a temporary clerical force may be employed as the press of work requires. The aim in all plans will be to run the department as economically as its efficiency will admit. As has also been hinted, investigations into different subjects will be made on the ground by practical and reliable men, skilled in the subject to be investigated, and the cooperation of all searchers after truth, it is hoped that the bureau may measurably achieve the purposes for which it was created, and be a help in solving the social problems now exciting the attention of so many in this and other lands.

MISS TILLEN'S VEGETABLE GARDEN, and the money she made by it. ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., N. Y.

In the usual good style of this house this little work comes before us for notice. In it Miss Warner (a pleasant acquaintance by the way) tells us, and we believe all she says, just what she has done, and others can do the same if they bring a corresponding energy and carefulness to the work. And what does she say is the result? Just what all would like to do, male and female—make your pocket money. Now go and get this little book, we are quite an enthusiast upon ladies' gardening and floral occupations, we would see more of our fair friends using Nature's out of door's balm of health and less of Hagan's enamel. One elevates the whole system, male or female, and the other is a deadly poison, and should never be placed upon the face of even the most homely female. Purchase the book, read it, throw Hagan's to the dogs.

LITERATURE AND DOGMA. By Mathew Arnold, A re-publication. JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON. This purports to be the last work of Mr. Arnold, and has the force of an essay towards the better apprehension of the Bible. We have had placed before us in the course of three years quite a number of works whose objects have been not very dissimilar to the one in question. Now, we are a believer in possibilities, but when one attempts in these latter days to reconcile the impossible, and bring to life a defunct body, whether it be a physical system or a dead and buried theory, we think the thing simply impossible. As a literary work we think highly of Mr. Arnold's work, it is the best and stands at the head of the list, and should find many readers, it is forcibly, tersely and concisely written, and his opinions are what we call liberal. And no one can read this work without deep thought. The question comes home to him like a personal appeal, "well, all this is possible, but Christianity is still dead, things were born of an over-heated soul, and in the name of liberty many base things were done; so in our own times, so in the times of Henry VIII of which Mr. Arnold speaks, many bad men held bad opinions, and what is much worse did not hesitate to give them to the world. But we are among those who believe that all who would gain a better conception of Christianity and its fruits, can learn as much from the divine author and the perusal of the revelation of the Christ as from reading the work of Mr. Arnold. Very few Englishmen apprehend the teachings of this essay, as does the author. May the true light guide and shine upon every one who would seek a better life through its teachings.

SCINTILLATIONS from the press works of Helenus, Leisure Hour Series. Holt and Williams. N. Y.

This work is from the German by S. A. Stern, and has a pleasant biography of the author. One of those enchanting volumes made up of the wild and wonderful, the weird stories entitled "The Florentine Nights." Reader, you will be well pleased with this book, it is a delightful aurora of vivid tales each one, if possible, surpassing the former in brilliancy and piquant delineation. As a book belonging to this particular class, it has the merit of being old yet new. Witly told are the quaint stories, they are like wise old epigrams, all the better for their age. Heine welds a pen of power and sarcasm, sending the arrow straight to the mark, and we find ourselves sometimes asking this question, "can anything be true?" His pointed shafts, stuck firmly in the unprotected coat of the versatile Frenchman, while the cool phlegmatic German finds his coat of mail a poor protection from the barbed arrow of Heine's subtle wit. We were about to give an analysis of his surprising powers, but the book has it all there, and it is a most brilliantly written book, and much good resulted from its publication, its statistics and conclusions. Accordingly, during the session of the last legislature, the former chief of the bureau, General Oliver of Salem, was superseded by Mr. D. Wright, a member of the State Senate.

Since his appointment Senator Wright has been originating plans for the thorough reorganization of the bureau. The question as to whether savings banks are dependent upon the power of the bureau for their deposits has been a mooted one by this bureau and has not been satisfactorily settled. Senator Wright is aiming at a method by which the facts in this matter may be obtained from every savings bank in the State. The plan is to endeavor to invest in the workings of the Bureau of Statistics of the National Government at Washington and of similar departments in foreign countries, so as to arrive at the best methods of operating the bureau the year round, and the subject of the purchasing power of money in different countries, and very valuable comparative tables will be given in connection therewith.

At the present time, full attention will be given to the matter of the protection of employees, not only in factories but in manufactures, from fires, crowding, poor ventilation, liability to injury from machinery, etc. A novel feature will be the comparative active wages of brain and hand work, and the results will show what professional labor brings in comparison with skilled and unskilled mechanical labor. Yet another subject for investigation will be the wages of women when performing the work of men.

This has been given in part a general idea of what the bureau proposes to undertake for some time to come, and it is hardly necessary to add that in the consideration of these weighty questions, no partisan bias will be brought to bear, and the facts as they evolve will be left to speak for themselves. The day the bureau will be to pursue all investigations in the direction that shall have a practical bearing on the condition of the people who earn their own living.

THE MINISTRY NEED. Rev. Dr. Sweetser Boston Trinity Society.

Probably but very few men could have written a more practical or better book upon the subject than the veteran author of the above pages. We do not hesitate to state that we believe that any clergyman in the State of Massachusetts whether considered popular or not popular, among the rural or city congregations, can read this work with much personal benefit. No one can read this book with a desire to get good, who will fall in the end of being made better and more spiritually minded thereby. If one has already a well founded hope in the grace and goodness of God, he will find his confidence in the all prevailing power of truth strengthened, and he will find the scales have fallen from his eyes, and he begins to see, what that most especially in this period of the Christian Era, the world at large still need the enunciation of great truths by just such great minds. It is a complete work in fourteen chapters, covering the entire subjects upon which it treats with a master hand. Having been not only a leader but a minister himself, he knows the true definition of the apostolic words, "go teach." In reading this little golden chalice of ideas, we much regret that among the many who really, and it may be honestly believe they are called of God to preach his gospel, so few truly come up to the requisite standard of this gospel. This book is like a cool, refreshing shower in a sultry afternoon. The Rev. Dr. does not spend those great and glorious gifts bestowed upon him by his heavenly Father in a canting, whining funeral dirge upon the wickedness of the world, but takes a hopeful view of Christianity. We commend the work to the very first list of books that should hold a selected list of books for any Sabbath School library.

RUTH MAXWELL, by Lady Blake. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co.

This is just the companion for an afternoon at the sea side, when the heat is oppressive. It is a gracefully written,

piquant, interesting story, and will be well received by our lady readers. The characters are finely drawn, and there is a finish and clearness about the several scenes, that reminds one of their own homes, and recalls many familiar memories of the past. The style is unexpected, the tone moral, the handling of all quite spirited and fresh. The leading character or heroine, is a charming young lady, who will accompany you to the end, and then you will only regret that you and herself must necessarily part company. We wish there were more of this kind of reading for sunshine and rainy days.

ROSES OF SANDY, by the author of "Woven of many threads." BOSTON. JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., N. Y.

In the usual good style of this house this little work comes before us for notice. In it Miss Warner (a pleasant acquaintance by the way) tells us, and we believe all she says, just what she has done, and others can do the same if they bring a corresponding energy and carefulness to the work. And what does she say is the result? Just what all would like to do, male and female—make your pocket money. Now go and get this little book, we are quite an enthusiast upon ladies' gardening and floral occupations, we would see more of our fair friends using Nature's out of door's balm of health and less of Hagan's enamel.

One elevates the whole system, male or female, and the other is a deadly poison, and should never be placed upon the face of even the most homely female. Purchase the book, read it, throw Hagan's to the dogs.

WOBURN TELEGRAPH OFFICE. NEW EDITION; ILLUSTRATED. JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON.

MISS MERRILL'S VEGETABLE GARDEN, and the money she made by it. ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., N. Y.

In the usual good style of this house this little work comes before us for notice. In it Miss Warner (a pleasant acquaintance by the way) tells us, and we believe all she says, just what she has done, and others can do the same if they bring a corresponding energy and carefulness to the work. And what does she say is the result? Just what all would like to do, male and female—make your pocket money. Now go and get this little book, we are quite an enthusiast upon ladies' gardening and floral occupations, we would see more of our fair friends using Nature's out of door's balm of health and less of Hagan's enamel.

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THE LITTLE MESMERIST.—Grave Uncle Nathan was respected as one of the most dignified and decorous men in town. Neat to primness, not a strand of his long straight hair was ever disheled, nor a speck of dust on his glossy black coat.

But five years old, Gay, one Sunday evening, half an hour before church, climbed up on his knees, and wove her soft fingers in and out among his whiskers, until the good man bowed his head on his breast, and went to sleep dreaming of angels.

On the corner of the mantel, near which they sat, and within reaching distance, stood her "dolily clothes," all of ribbon sashes, two or three inches in length, of every color of the rainbow. A brilliant idea visited her. Reaching for the basket, she took out the sashes, and forthwith began to separate bunches of her uncle's smooth hair into queer little tails or twists, tying the end of each one with a bit of ribbon, until his head looked as gorgeous and as variegated as a Highlander's tulip bed. The church bells rang out their last warning just as she completed her labors, and consecrated them with a kiss of purest love upon his eyelids.

"The bell is ringing for church, uncle, and you look so sweet," said the admiring Gay.

"Bless me! I'll be late," said the punctual deacon, seizing his hat and clapping it on his head. "You're mesmerized me, you little wench. Now run away to aunt Tracy," and, kissing her tenderly, he was in another instant on the street.

"I dess I did memri uncle, and he looks splendid," soliloquized Gay, as she sought her aunt, who was sick in bed with the headache.

The organ was sending out the soft strains of a solemn voluntary, as Uncle Nathan, hat in hand, walked slowly and solemnly up the long aisle. The light ends of the ribbons fluttered gently with every motion of his body, and his head looked like a pyramid of butterflies. Those who saw him passing, stared at him amazed. Handkerchiefs were pressed to lips that would laugh because they had to.

"Why, brother Barker, what does all your head?" said his pew chum in a low whisper.

"Nothing, thank you, but my wife has a severe headache."

"He's gone crazy," thought Mr. Wells, "what shall I do?—My dear friend, who fixed your hair?" For by this time, the attention of that half side of the church had been attracted.

"My hair? Nobody. What does this mean?" as rubbing his pate hurriedly, but after bit of ribbon descended like snowflakes. Snatching his hat he vanished through the side door like a shadow.

FIRE.—The best managed fire never was dashed out in a few moments by a woman who worked with entire self-possession and taught a man and her daughter to do so also. A kettle of tar had boiled over in a wheelwright shop, and set the stock, chips and shavings under a workbench on fire. The workmen now seeing the fire, took the kettle of tar from the fire-place to the door, dropping the burning tar all the way, and throwing it out to the side of the shop, where there was a large hole into the cellar down which the burning tar ran upon the chips and shavings which were scattered about there. "A pretty kettle of tar," one would say! A dense, black smoke enveloped the row of buildings, and gave the alarm to the firewoman. The wind was blowing a gale to add to the danger. In a few seconds came another pall, which went into the same place, and drowned out that part of the fire. Now came help, the first man to her assistance. Dashing her next pall of water on the flames along the floor, she pointed to the fire in the cellar, and told him to put it out, which, following her example, he did from the water in the trough, which was now almost full, for the girl stuck to the pump, as her mother did to the fire. By the time the mother had put out all the fire in the shop and the danger was over, half a dozen men came rushing up too late to be of any service. If the fire had not been attacked until they arrived a whole neighborhood would have been destroyed. Just as the fire was out, though the smoke was so dense that nothing could be seen in the shop, the woman came out of it as black as a tar barrel, and with lamp-black enough upon him, to have fitted out a dozen negro minstrels!

I doubt if the brave heroine of this exploit was ever thanked by more than one of the half dozen owners of the buildings in danger, or received a reward from those for whom she saved many thousands of dollars. Nor did the account of the fire go into the papers to teach and encourage other women and men to follow her example in similar times of danger.

A DESPICABLE MULE.—The negro and mule (writes a friend in Clinton, Louisiana) are inseparable companions in the Southern cotton fields, and like the Hiawatha string and bow, useless each without the other. The lazy indifference and careless cruelty of the one, and wonderful powers of endurance of the other, complete the compatibility of the two races necessary for the production of four millions of bales. A characteristic anecdote may be relished by those who had had experience of the two. The spectator had taken refuge from the sun's perpendicular rays under the shade of a spreading beech, *sab tigme fagi*, and lay recumbent, enjoying the fitful breeze and the sombre frothiness of the country newspaper. Along the dusty road that passed by this retreat, came jogging a negro, mounted on a mule, both apparently fast asleep. As the somnolent pair approached the spot, some wicked sprite of the place gave the paper a stir, which was no sooner seen and heard, than the mule, as mules only know how, instantly "swapped ends," and, leaving the negro sprawling in the dirt, took his departure under full sail. The negro, half raising himself, and wiping the dust from eyes and mouth, watched the retreating mule for some time in silence, but at length, unconscious of an auditor, gave expression to this philosophic soliloquy:

"Dad's what makes me 'spise a mule?"

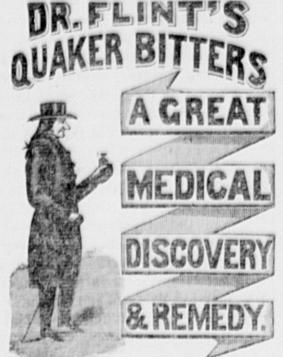
The Middlesex County Journal.

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Vol XXII.

WOXBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1873.

No 44.



Poetry.

MY CHOICE.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet—
The traces of small mandy hours;
And I see your fair tastery all glowering
All spottis with blossoms and fruit.

And I know that my walls are disfigured—
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And I see that your own household whiteness
All fresh in its purity stands.

Yes, I know that my black walnut is battered,
And dented by many small heels;
While your own polished stairs say all perfect
Its smooth, shining surface reveals.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in distinctist order,
Uncluttered by any presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite bodily all hours of the day;
While you sit in your room uninvited,
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know that I have jackets that wear out,
And buttons that never will stay;
While you can embroider at leisure
And learn pretty arts of "crochet."

And I know there are lessons of spelling
Which I must be patient to hear;
While you may sit down to your novel,
Or turn the hot magazine over.

Yes, I know there are four little besides—
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you may go out in your carriage,
And dash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman—
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet I would not change places with you.

Now—I keep your home with its order,
To its elbow from trouble and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure—
But give me my four splendid boys!

Selected.

Without any Courting.

Peter Patterson was ill, at least he thought so and depressed; he had hated the dusty street, which the summer heat burnt and the summer sun shone before the green leaves had draped the trees, and the squares of grass and Wisteria vines and potted geraniums which have come to be so blessedly popular in New York, lent their summer's freshness.

"What shall I do, doctor?" he said to the white-headed old physician. "You say nothing aids me, but I can tell what my feelings are better than you can. I know I shall be down with something soon. I rode in a car with half a dozen dirty children the other day, going to the small pox hospital. I haven't a doubt, very red and nasty looking, all of them, and while I was buying something in a store the other day, a horrid old woman begged of me because her husband was both typhoid. No doubt I've caught both diseases, and it is the complication that puzzles you. Couldn't he consider his age and a lady, and all that as she certainly was—a little country-bred of course, but a clergyman's daughter and the widow of a country doctor.

After all why could not he buy a house and try to get Mrs. Muntle to keep it for him? Perhaps she would. He would offer her a high salary, and she would have plenty of servants. Then he might have friends to dine with him and be as happy as possible.

Only he could approach his hostess, showing her as he did so that he considered her his equal and a lady, and all that as she certainly was—a little country-bred of course, but a clergyman's daughter and the widow of a country doctor.

After much consideration he mustered courage for the effort, and walked into the front parlor, and sent the small servant to ask Mrs. Muntle to step there a moment, if she pleased.

"Gracious!" thought Mrs. Muntle. "What can he want?"

Then she blushed brightly, settled her necklace, took off her apron and walked demurely in.

"Be seated, ma'am," said Mr. Patterson. "Please to sit here. Allow me to sit near you. I have something to say which may require some consideration."

"Oh dear, it's coming!" said Mrs. Muntle.

"I suppose you know I'm a man of considerable means, ma'am," said the old bachelor, "able to buy a nice house, furnish it well, and have it in comfortableness."

"So I have understood, Mr. Patterson," said the widow.

"And of course it's pleasant to live that way, than at bachelor lodgings or at a hotel," pursued Mr. Patterson.

"I should judge it might me," said she cautiously.

"You judge rightly," said Mr. Patterson. "But you know a bachelor must be in the hands of servants, if he keeps house. A gentleman don't want that; he wants a lady to superintend things for him—some one of taste and refinement and all. Common people don't understand his feelings—and mercenary servants are but a poor-purchase."

"Very well," said Mr. Patterson, "I'll try it."

"And you must drink plenty of milk and eat nice, home-made bread," said the doctor.

"Yes I will," said Patterson, overjoyed at hearing something that sounded like a prescription at last. "And you would advise milk?"

"Quart of it every day," said the doctor.

"I'll make it if it is true," answered Patterson. "And if I should be ill she'll nurse me."

"Splendidly," said the doctor, and went his way.

Mr. Patterson thought the matter over and thought better of it every day, and when the little note, informing him that the widow would be willing to "take him in and do for him," reached him, he had his trunk and portmanteau already packed, and was ready to start that afternoon. As for the widow, the doctor had prepared her for her bairns' peculiarities thus:

"Nice fellow, solid; plenty of money; thinks himself ill, but isn't; ought to be married; told him so, but he hates the idea of courting; marry off some day, no doubt; Will you have me?" "Yes."

"Call in clergyman. Over. Very peculiar old bachelor. But then old bachelors are peculiar generally."

The widow was what Yankees call an amazingly smart woman. She had married at sixteen, and had never failed to have washing over when other people were hanging out theirs. Her bread always rose, her cake was always sweet.

At forty-five she had married off all her daughters, and was well-to-do, buxom, and happy.

Mr. Patterson listened. He saw what he had done; proposed and been accepted without any idea what he was about.

He looked at Mrs. Muntle. She was very nice and fresh and comely, and ten

years his junior at least, if she was forty.

He couldn't have done a better thing, and no he would be married without any troublesome courting. So he put his arm around Mrs. Muntle's waist and said:

"Thank you, my dear. I consider myself very lucky."

He wrote to his good doctor in about fortnight's time, to tell him that he had taken both his prescriptions—was a married man, and would bring his bride home about Christmas.

Mr. Patterson came to the widow's and obeyed the doctor's prescription carefully. He ate bread and drank milk and robed the orchard like a school boy and declaimed over the strawberry shortcake after a fashion that would have made his reputation at the bar. Then, too, Mrs. Muntle did not smile at his aches and pains, and insist that he must be perpetually well because he had a fresh complexion and dimples in his cheeks. She had savory herb teas and potions, which she produced when he complained of feeling miserable, and she also had that blessing to hypochondriacs a homeopathic box and book in the house.

There were remedies in that box for everything; and it was pleasant to find that when there was a drawing sensation in your flesh, or a kind of uneasy feeling in your legs, there were dear little globules to be had just suited for the symptoms; that to find yourself very angry about nothing, indicated pulsatilia; and that even for unrequited love there was a medicine.

For "BREATHING Pains in the Lungs, Spleen and Chest" almost invariably cured by taking a few drops of this nostrum.

Female Difficulties, Neuralgia, Headache, &c., cured immediately.

Rheumatism, Swelled Joints, and all Sorts of Diseases, removed of great relief by this invaluable medicine.

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Extracts of Roots and Herbs which almost invariably cure the following complaints—

Diarrhoea, Coughs, Liver Complaints, and all Diseases of the Stomach.

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Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in

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Dividends as soon as declared at one cent added to the interest paid on all deposits, to earn interest thus giving compound interest.

ROBERT MARSH, President.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Geo. C. Threlkeld, Treasurer.

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Which has stood the test for more than 50 years, is acknowledged the most reliable Medicine for the relief of JAUNDICE, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, COLD, CHILLS, LOSS OF APPETITE, COUGH, COLDS, HEAT, THERMOMETER, SICKNESS, STAGGER, DULLNESS OF THE HEAD, LIVER COMPLAINTS, DIABETES, DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, STOMACH, CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS, HEADACHE, LOOSENESS OF SPRITS, CONSTIPATION, INFLAMMATION, & DISEASES OF ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, or the deranged condition of the stomach, liver, &c.

This Preparation is purely Vegetable, containing Extracts in a highly concentrated form of Peppermint, Sassafras, Cinnamon, Cloves, Anise, Saffron, Yellow Dock, Dandelion, Gentian, Wild Cherry, Sarsaparilla, & other roots, all carefully selected, making a fine Tonic, alterative and Laxative Medicine, which never fails to give tone and strength to the system, and to remove all disease.

A BLOOD PURIFIER, GOODHUE'S BITTERS HAVE NO EQUAL.

JOHN B. WORTHWAITE, PROPRIETOR,

No. 21 St. Peter Street, — — — — — Salem, Mass., Sold by all Druggists in Medicines generally.

DR. FLINT'S QUAKER BITTERS, A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY & REMEDY.

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The Clergy and laity were well represented, and the exercises were very interesting. Among others called on for remarks was Rev. E. G. Porter. He was introduced as one of the three sons of the church who had gone out to carry the ministrations of the Gospel to other places. He alluded to his memories of the year the church was organized; the revolutions in Europe, the gold fever, the funeral of an ex-president of the United States at Quincy. He spoke of the kind influences, advice and earnest proclamation of the truth which led them to engage in the ministry; the private advice and constant example, and those warm influences which radiate from the pastor's study. He also spoke of the influence of the Sunday School, and its loved Superintendent. The church had undergone a change, from the time it was filled with high-backed box pews; from the time when the former pastor passed away and his mantle fell so gently on his successor. He spoke of the satisfaction of worshipping in the old church, and the devotion fostered by ancient cloisters, like Westminster Abbey; and he made allusion to Deacon Edward Sharpe and Deacon Howe, men of practical piety whose memory was cherished by all.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOODCOCK.—In our last, certain young men were warned in regard to shooting woodcock. A correspondent states that the warning party would not have said anything about it if they had had any luck themselves.

ED.—The young men who were injured by the cannon discharge on the Fourth, are doing well and their recovery is a matter of the immediate future. Young Frost was able to leave his room on Wednesday. Their escape from death borders upon the miraculous.

RESIGNATION.—The Rev. William H. Ryder, pastor of the Universalist Society for the past two years, has resigned, much to the regret of all, and goes to Malden. We understand that he receives a salary of \$2500 at the latter place, which is an increase of \$1,000, above his salary here. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

SURVEYORS.—We have in town a new firm, Messrs. Cayford & Hale, who will attend to any business in the line of surveying or civil-engineering, the citizens may desire to have done. They are doing considerable work for the town and will be found to be competent members of their profession. Offered over M. A. Richardson & Co.

CONCERT.—The little folks connected with the Universalist Sunday School, gave a concert at the Vestry of their Church last Sunday evening which was very much enjoyed by old and young. We understand that before taking their summer vacation the old folks propose taking them to a picnic down to the Beach or grove, so that all can have a grand time after which there will be no Sabbath School services during the hot weather.

ED.—It often happens that our country cousins are just as foolish as George West of Arlington, who attempted to take a nap yesterday on one of the East India wharves, in company with \$30 in money, a pair of boots and a stiff glass of balm. When West awoke he found that the money and boots had departed for some place unknown.—*Herald*.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Carter. Of late certain persons have been in the habit of visiting houses that were being built and stealing wood therefrom. Mr. Geo. D. Tufts has suffered from these visits. The thieves who called at his house, took not only wood that was fit for kindling, but lumber that was of use, and also abstracted from garden green grapes, pears, etc. Last Saturday Daniel Hurley was arraigned on a charge of theft of this kind, and was found guilty. Mr. Tufts was satisfied that Hurley was not as much to blame as some others, although culpable to a degree and through his efforts Hurley was let off by paying the costs.

(Communication.)

JULY 12TH.—The anniversary of the Battle of the Bovines was duly celebrated in grand Orange style. The members of Mount Horeb Loyal Orange Lodge No. 19, with their wives, sisters and sweethearts celebrated the 12th of July with a picnic on the grounds of Brother A. McManas. At 4 o'clock the brethren with their friends sat down to a most sumptuous repast provided by the Committee. After all had done justice to the good things provided, the day was spent in the most delightful manner; the usual patriotic and Orange sentiments were professed and some of them were responded to in speeches appropriate to the occasion. Indeed, all felt how good and pleasant it was for brethren to dwell together in unity. We hope that this meeting may prove a blessing to them who joined in it. All part well pleased, and hopefully anticipating to meet again with increased numbers and renewed energies the next 12th of July. We should not omit to mention that during the day the beautiful new banner presented by the lady friends of the Lodge, and other emblems of the order were conspicuously displayed on the picnic grounds.

ORANGE.

West Medford.

NEW CHURCHES.—There are to be two new churches at this place. The residents have for a long time demanded some provision of this kind, and now they are in earnest in regard to it.

On Monday night last, the Congregational society held a meeting, and plans for a church edifice were presented and approved, and the committee were instructed to proceed at once to contract for the work. This society have purchased a lot of land, 80x160 feet, of Mr. S. S. Holton et al, situated on the corner of Bowes and River streets. Mr. Holton very generously offers to give them \$500 when the edifice is boarded in, and \$500 more when it is completed. The location is a fine one and this society, with its two or three score of members will have a pleasant place of worship.

The Methodists, of whom there are about 16 in this part of the town, have also decided to build, in fact have commenced. Their lot is located on Bowes St., a little south of the proposed site of the Congregational church. The building they are putting up will serve as a

FOR FAMILY USE.

HALFORD
LEICESTERSHIRE

Table Sauce,

THE BEST SAUCE & RELISH

Made in any part of the World.

FOR
FAMILY USE.Pints, Half Pints, 50 Cents.
30 Cents.

For Sale by all Grocers.

FOR SALE.

100 feet of Paper For Sale, can be seen at cor. of Powis and Mt. Pleasant street.

CHARLES K. CONN.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The subscriber in order to meet the demands of his increased trade, has been induced to erect a building, where he has a large and commodious room, elegantly fitted up, where may be found

PIANOS and ORGANS

from the best manufacturers of NEW YORK and BOSTON. Also all the

Popular Sheet Music of the Day.

A full and complete assortment of small

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

VIOLIN and GUITAR STRINGS &c.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

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No. 2 Railroad Street.

Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK,

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Popular New Music Books.

For the Coming Musical Season.

THE STANDARD. EMERSON & PALMER. \$1.50

Unexcelled as a Collection of Church music.

THE RIVER OF LIFE. PERKINS & BENTLEY. 50

The Newest and Freshest of Sabbath School Song Books.

CHEERFUL VOICES. L. O. EMERSON. 50

Very beautiful School Song Books.

GEMS OF STRAUSS. JOHAN STRAUSS. 25

All the Best Strauss Music.

ORGAN AT HOME. For Reed Organs. 25

200 most attractive pieces.

CLARKE'S DOLLAR INSTRUCTORS

For Reed Organs, Piano and Violin.

EMERSON'S CHANTS AND RESPONSES.

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DR. STREETER'S VOICE BUILDING.

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Sold everywhere. Sent, post-paid for retail price.

DORRIVIER DITSON & CO., Boston. 109

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A HOMELY STORY.

"Hang it all! there is no use in helping those who will not help themselves!" exclaimed Uncle John.

Now "hang it all!" was an uncom- mon expression for John West to use. If, in its place he had substituted "Indeed!" my pen would have been more ready to transcribe his thought. But this vulgar, meaningless sentence did escape his lips, and having expressed himself thus, he seemed relieved.

Uncle John had a favorite nephew, and this nephew had a wife. Uncle John was rich, and owned several fine farms. On young John's wedding day the uncle brought no gift of gold or silver—wore—nothing; not so much as you could wind round 'your finger,' the bride said with a smile, when far from home, the newly made husband and wife discussed the events of that eventful day. But when John returned from his wedding tour, Uncle John paid them a visit, and said, quietly, as he was ready to leave: "what are you going to do now, John?"

"I think of taking Joel Benson's farm on share for a year at least."

"You can do better than that; here is your wedding gift; and placing some paper in his hands he hastily left.

The papers were:—First, the deed of a valuable farm; with, second, a mortgage upon it (awaiting of course young John's approval and signature) of just one half its value—said mortgage to be paid in small annual installments. The land was fine, the house nearly new, and all the outbuildings in excellent condition.

The tears sprang to John's eyes as he read it; he was sensitive to the very heart's core.

"Oh, won't that be grand?" exclaimed his wife, when he showed the papers to her. "Now you can buy that new carriage and a new silver-mounted harness. I shall want to go a great deal. He will never expect you to pay anything more than the interest, and give the rest to you by and by, anyway, when he dies."

"Never!" exclaimed John, looking at her in amazement; "he has given me enough already. Be the times good or bad, I shall pay the interest, and the installments as they are due."

You see he had a little of the old John in him. The sequel would seem to show that the bride had said under her breath, "We will see."

It was just two years from this time that Uncle John used that inelegant expression; and he said more than that; he said: "Such a woman as that deserves no better home than a Kansas dug-out."

The truth was, Mrs. John was not very young, but she was very selfish and designing. She courted John so assiduously and yet so delicately; and he—he had nothing but a good head and strong hands, and his heart—well he had never tried his head yet, and the fair-skinned, golden-haired woman, he felt sure, loved him. She was poor, too; together they might make a home. She had always been obliged to work; of course she would be willing to work with and for him.

Poor John! "But he deserves his fate," you say. What, when his failing was his perfect faith in womanhood?

It was Uncle John's faith, too. Once a clear-eyed, sunny-browed little girl had ever called him "dear John," but ere he had pressed a husband's kiss upon the June lips, the angels called her. In those early days he thought all women like his lost darling, but as years passed, he came to know that she had been one of the few sent to earth to show all womankind what they might become. It was the memory of her sweet, self-sacrificing life that made John West, though seeming a lonely man so strong.

For the reason that John's wife had worked hard and lived economically all her young life, was to her sufficient reason, now that she was the wife of the favorite nephew of a rich bachelor uncle; that she should "live like other folks," meaning by this, like people of wealth, never seeming to realize that happiness is of the heart,—never stopping to think that a large share of the gains from the farm must be returned to it in one shape or another, and that farm life means to most a home, and its comforts and pleasures.

How few realize that a work greater than that of any artist, is given American farmers' wives and daughters to do; to show to the world what a home may be—a place where work and culture shall together. The house was very pleasant, and loving hands might, with simple means, have made of it a beautiful picture. John proposed to furnish only the kitchen, dining room, at the fourth day she made her appearance at the breakfast table.

"When do you expect to hear from John?" said Uncle John abruptly, after his morning salutation.

"He said he would write from his first stopping place. Oh, dear! what did he want to go away for?" She began to sob.

"Celia, stop crying and listen to me; I want to talk with you. I feel as badly as you do about John's going away."

John flushed and started nervously.—"Then Uncle does understand the true state of affairs," was his thought. He made no reply; he had never uttered a word against his wife; he never would.

A week later John and Celia turned the Uncle John's as he bade them welcome, he looked at Celia gravely, and he wanted to say, "woman, behold your work!" but he waited until John was gone and Celia had cried for three days, shutting herself up in her room. On the morning of the fourth day she made her appearance at the breakfast table.

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"You should have been that from the beginning. There are few nobler young men than my nephew, John West."

"I know it," she said simply.

"You ought to know it; you have tried his love and generosity to the utmost."

"Don't Uncle—I can't bear it."

"John seemed deader to her now than anything else, he was so far away."

"I have never talked so plainly to you before, and I never shall again," said Uncle John; "but for John's sake, do try and make a true woman of yourself."

Three days later John's first letter came. He was stopping at a little village in Minnesota, and thought of buying a farm in the vicinity; he would wait, though, until he received letters from home.

"I do not want to go there," said Celia, when she had finished reading their letters.

Uncle John made no reply.

"Would you let us take the farm as tenants—the farm we left, I mean—I will take hold and help John?" she asked at length.

"If you are in earnest and John wishes, I am willing."

"I am in earnest. I will do most any-

thing, rather than go into that out-of-the-way place."

"Well, write to John at once then." Uncle John wrote, too, a long letter, and in a week John was home again, not as a tenant, but with the pleasant prospect of some time paying for the farm.

The horse and carriage were sold, and Mrs. John was content to ride in the light wagon. She sent her sons to school, and with their price bought the L. Sam cow for a Christmas present for her husband; another year found them living as they should have begun.

"Well, no matter, you may be able to pay it with your next year's payment." But Uncle John could not help thinking that the amount paid for the furnished chamber (which they seldom used) and the horse and carriage, would have more than paid the other half.

There was a fine Durham cow belonging to his uncle that John was anxious to possess. Her price was hundred dollars. If he could have made his uncle to take his note for her until fall, but he had not the face to do it now.

The next winter Mrs. John must have a velvet cloak and expensive furs—and she got them, (she was a peculiar woman—a quiet, cat-like woman, in justice to womankind, I will say there are but few like her.)

The second year John could pay nothing but the interest and the half payment due the year before. It was a week after that Uncle John, leaning over the fence where his nephew was beginning the spring plowing, said: "your farm needs more stock."

I know it, but I cannot buy it this year. Another year I must make some or sell it."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which crings things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand?"

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us are driven to distraction by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity, plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went on calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen of his front teeth:

"Just so, I presume so; I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back and making him instantly sober, you understand?"

Then he leaned his stick against our desk, and moistened his serviceable hand and resumed his hold on the stick as if he were weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added in a somewhat louder tone:

"Mister, I came here to see that're men. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so, I presume so. They told me before I came that the man I wanted to would not be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door, and reflectedly pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you hadn't. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it just a few minutes. You see John Smith he lives next door to my house when I'm to home, and he gets to the great statesman; and long experience taught him that her intuitions were invaluable in various matters. If some communication made to her particularly impressed itself upon her she would say, "You must write that down, and I'll show it to Lord Palmerston when he comes in; or stay, perhaps he has not gone out." A simple message, verbal or written, sent to him thus was always immediately answered. He had learned the value of her tact and penetration.

Seating himself before the fire John said: "Please don't talk to me, uncle. I thought perhaps you would want to take it back."

"Certainly; nobody but a John West must own that farm while I live. That was my model farm, John."

"I know it, uncle, and I will disgrace it no longer. Do you want any of the stock?"

"I will take everything just as it is. I shall be obliged to find some good tenant for the place. Where do you think of going?"

"I think of going West this fall to look about."

The sooner the better, then, at this season. I will see to your stock, we are trusty. Celia can stay here while you are gone; and I can find a home in the West if you can. I will take your farm off your hands in the spring; but—after a pause, "If Celia ever finds her senses, come back to the home, she should never leave; he will be waiting for you."

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Another year a little one came; they called him John for his uncle; and if anything will cast out selfishness from a woman's heart, it is mother love.

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Vol XXII.

WOXBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1873.

No 45.



Poetry.

THE SONG IN THE DARK.

I heard a little bird sing out one morning,
While yet the darkness overspread the sky,
And not a single peep of rosy gauze warning
That day was bright;

It sang with such a sweet and joyful clearness,
The silence piercing with a note so fine,
I started, thrilled with sudden sense of nearness
To love divine.

"Oh weary heart!" I seemed to utter, "hearken!
God sends a message to you in my song;
The day is coming, though the shadows darken,
And night is long.

"God sees your eyelids heavy—not with slumber;
The sorrowful tears that make their brightness dim,

And all your patient prayers (no man can number)
Are known to him.

"The day shall come, your darkness dispossessing;
And while the bird sang, on my eyelids prest
The weary heart, the weary brain caressing
To happy rest.

"We have our lives spared to us, and
God is thanked," was the Christian remark of Mrs. Holley. "How will
think nothing of this so long as he finds you and your little infant boy alive to welcome him."

Howard came home that day. He
was a poor man. He found no home of his own to receive him. He found, how-
ever, three warm, loving hearts, and when he gazed upon his little boy's smiling
face, he felt that all was not taken from him.

"It is the foreign gentleman from the
house," exclaimed Mrs. Holley, on seeing
the pale and lifeless features; but without pausing to express her surprise, or at that time put questions as to the
manner of the accident, she clambered down the rocky sides of the basin and
gave Howard her assistance.

"You all live and do so. Worldly
goods can be obtained again. Life can
never be restored. Let us take heart and look upward. All will yet go well with us."

While he was speaking the English
gentleman from the villa rode up to the
neighbor's house where Howard met his
wife and mother. He alighted, and calling
to Howard, took his hand, and then placed it in a package with a note.

"Read this, Captain Holley. It came
to me this morning under an envelope. You see a good deed never goes unrewarded, and that the darkest hour is just
before day."

"Sir—Ten years ago you saved my
life. I am now in a situation to show
you substantial gratitude. I learn from your
friend, my host, that you are a
man and doing well. Yet you may do
better. I enclose you five bank of England.
Accept them as your right. They are
nothing in my estimation put side by side
with the life you saved. I wish you and your
noble mother all happiness and health."

"How did he fall?" asked his mother,
as she was rubbing his temples.

"You next should rock in greenest branches,
And there your boughs mate and downy
broad.

"Should chips to you, and spread their winglets duly,
Nor lack for food.

No cruel sportsman ever should beset you,
Nor sudden tempests ever cause affright,
Nor any ill that birds are heir to fret you,
By day or night.

Vain wish, alas! and valueless completely;
For whether it was blackbird, wren or lark,
Or silver-throated thrush, that all so sweetly
Sang in the dark,

I never knew—nor never more came near me;
But I can trust you, clearly, to His care
Whose tender pity sent your song to cheer me
In my despair.

Selected.

THE CASCADE ROCK.

It is nearly half a century since this story opens in the beautiful valley of the Kennebec. At that period there were but few inhabitants, and the fine town of Hallowell was then a mere hamlet upon the river's bank. There was, nevertheless, one mansion of wealth and refinement amid its scenery. It was the abode of an English gentleman who had held an influential position in the policies of England; but his party becoming the minority, he left his native land and purchased a domain on the Kennebec. Here he established himself for life, and although he lives no longer, he has left behind him a grateful memory in the hearts of those to whom his benevolence and riches have administered.

He had been but two or three years in his romantic home upon the Kennebec when a stranger landed from an ascending fur boat at the foot of his grounds and walked up to the villa. His appearance was striking from the dignity of his air, his tall figure, and a certain air of birth and command. He was, however, dressed in a very much worn apparel, as if he had seen much travel in his present garb.

He was seen to disembark from the boat by the dwellers in the hamlet, and an every stranger was an object of interest to them, who watched him with curiosity as he wound his way up to the mansion; and when the fur boat reached the landing where they awaited it they began to question the man in its touching their passenger.

"He's a foreigner and I guess a Frenchman," answered the owner of the boat.

"We took him down to Phippsburg, where he came in a Boston schooner. He seems a quiet, nice sort of a man, but don't speak English no better than the Indian Chief Sagadahock."

"I saw you falling, sir," answered Howard. "You must have struck your head against the bottom, for you did not rise again. I dove down and got you up, and looking gratefully upon them said, broken English:

"I have had a fall, I believe. I remember failing. I find myself here, and I owe you my life; for my wet garments tell me I was plunged into the basin."

"I saw you falling, sir," answered Howard. "You must have struck your head against the bottom, for you did not rise again. I dove down and got you up, and looking gratefully upon them said, broken English:

"How can I ever repay you for your act, my lad?" said the foreigner, taking his hand. "And you, too, madam?"

"I don't wish any other reward than what I said, but he didn't know enough English to answer and tell his business. He's got money, for he paid me these three Spanish dollars for bringing him up."

"I am very good, and have noble natures. I trust I shall be able one day to reward you."

While he was speaking his host entered, followed by three or four men. The pleasure of the former on finding his guest revived, and less hurt than he expected, was very great. He repeated expressions of thanks to the family who had done so much for the stranger, and assuring Mrs. Holley he should never forget her or her son for their act of mercy and kind attention, he soon parted with the stranger leaving upon the shoulders of two of the men.

After a few days the foreigner entirely recovered and prepared for his departure. Before leaving, however, he called at the cottage and warmly renewed his expression of gratitude, calling Howard the preserver of his life. Upon each of them was bestowed a trifling present.

"I am poor, or I would reward you with much money to make you comfortable," he said. "But I am a wanderer, an exile, and am dependent upon the bounty of others."

Thus speaking he left them, and the same evening he descended the river. The proprietor of the villa did not forget the residents of the cabin. He made their situation more comfortable, and gave Howard the privileges of studying with his own children, who had an English tutor.

Ten years passed away. Howard had gone to sea at the age of sixteen, and at the age of twenty-four became a captain. He had made more comfortable his moth-

er in his grave. She now lived mainly by the bounty of the family at the villa, though rarely would she suffer them to bestow anything upon her so long as she could have health to knit, or Howard's son, still in it.

He was now down the glen with his spear and lines, while she sat in her door. Suddenly she heard a loud outcry down the brook. It was the voice of Howard, and its tone was that of alarm, like a call for aid. She dropped her knitting and hastened along the wild pathway by the edge of the foaming torrent, and soon came in sight of her son, standing at the foot of the cliff, which overhung a dark basin in which the water was many feet deep. He was mid-waist in the water, and supporting with difficulty the head of a man above the surface, his body being entirely beneath it.

"Come quickly, dear mother! Help me soon, for I can hardly keep him above water!"

Howard came home that day. He found a poor man. He found no home of his own to receive him. He found, however, three warm, loving hearts, and when he gazed upon his little boy's smiling brow he felt that all was not taken from him.

"We have our lives spared to us, and God is thanked," was the Christian remark of Mrs. Holley. "How will think nothing of this so long as he finds you and your little infant boy alive to welcome him."

Howard came home that day. He found a poor man. He found no home of his own to receive him. He found, however, three warm, loving hearts, and when he gazed upon his little boy's smiling brow he felt that all was not taken from him.

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While he was speaking the English gentleman from the villa rode up to the neighbor's house where Howard met his wife and mother. He alighted, and calling to Howard, took his hand, and then placed it in a package with a note.

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I never knew—nor never more came near me; But I can trust you, clearly, to His care Whose tender pity sent your song to cheer me In my despair.

THE CARVED BRACKET.

"My dear, it exceeds anything I ever knew in the way of extravagance. If Mr. Rogers is allowed to do so, he will assuredly lose his influence. It is so inconsistent, and a minister should be especially careful of his reputation. I called at Mrs. Pratt's on my way home, and when I told her about it, she suggested writing him an anonymous letter. You know she's president of our sewing society, and she says she won't make her eyes ache stitching for any person or his family, while he can afford to spend money like that! She thinks he'd better talk of the town! I've a mind to see two or three of the ladies, just to get their opinion about the matter," and Mrs. John Lester paused for breath, while she handed her husband a cup of tea that looked most inviting, served in the delicate china which had been her last Christmas gift.

The evening was warm, but through the open windows came the fresh, country air, sweet with the fragrance of the clematis that shaded the west end of the piazza. Every surrounding of the supper room spoke of ease and luxury. Mr. Lester forgot the close business office; forgot the dust, and filth and noise of the city, when he drove into the little village, where he had made his summer residence. Hard work had brought him a fortune, and when he married his partner's handsome and wealthy daughter, the world counted him as one of the happiest of men. Yet the world's judgment is often wrong, and well for some of us that its standard of happiness lies beyond our reach, else we might labor to catch the glittering bauble, and, after heart and hands and feet were bruised and bleeding in the search, grasp it but a moment to find it only—gold!

John Lester was a man, in the highest sense of the word. He held his influence in the little village, for he was generous in his manner as well as of means, and rich and poor alike respected him. He who sees not as man seeth, who looketh not on the outward appearance, judged which was the noble act—the donation of a thousand dollars toward the new church or the hearty "Good evening, Tony!" which always made the coachman's dark face light up with a smile. Tony had a son stroke one season, when the fever was raging, and Eunice, his young mate, could not control the strong, excited frame, and ran to the cottage and then run to your master and tell him what had happened."

"Who is he?"

"A feeble nobleman. He is now restored to his country and estates. I can graduate you on your good fortune."

The joy and surprise and deep gratitude of Howard cannot be expressed. He was now rich, and happiness once more smiled where misfortune had so lately frowned.

"My master is as good as the best," responded John as he looked upon the gentleman. "Well, it is a pity he should have such a fall; but what can be expected of foreigners that don't know how to climb or move about in the woods! I've prophesied this aore, when I've seen him walking up and down the rocks!"

"Monsieur," said the French King, advancing and speaking with kindly courtesy, "your name is familiar to me. Louis Philippe by the American minister. The name of one of them as he was announced arrested the monarch's ear. He fixed upon the handsome young lieutenant, his gaze so closely that he colored and drew back.

The stranger was borne to the cabin, and John went off after his master. In the meanwhile the mother and son, by the aid of vinegar and other stimulants, were so successful as to restore animation.

The gentleman, after opening his eyes and looking around him a moment, at length seemed to recollect himself and be conscious of his situation. He was up, and then run to your master and tell him what has happened."

"Not alone. Ah, here is John, the farm man from 'the House.' John, come here quickly," cried Howard to a country fellow. "Here is your master's guest, who has had a fall, and is now almost dead. Help us get him into the cottage, and then run to your master and tell him what has happened."

"Not alone. Ah, here is John, the farm man from 'the House.' John, come here quickly," cried Howard to a country fellow. "Here is your master's guest, who has had a fall, and is now almost dead. Help us get him into the cottage, and then run to your master and tell him what has happened."

"I am his son, sir."

"His son!" cried the King with joyful surprise. "Let me embrace you. Your father saved my life. I am the foreigner whom of whom doubtless you have heard him and his excellent grandmother speak?"

"I am a foreigner and I guess a Frenchman," answered the owner of the boat.

"We took him down to Phippsburg, where he came in a Boston schooner. He seems a quiet, nice sort of a man, but don't speak English no better than the Indian Chief Sagadahock."

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"I don't wish any other reward than what I said, but he didn't know enough English to answer and tell his business. He's got money, for he paid me these three Spanish dollars for bringing him up."

"I am very good, and have noble natures. I trust I shall be able one day to reward you."

While he was speaking his host entered, followed by three or four men. The pleasure of the former on finding his guest revived, and less hurt than he expected, was very great. He repeated expressions of thanks to the family who had done so much for the stranger, and assuring Mrs. Holley he should never forget her or her son for their act of mercy and kind attention, he soon parted with the stranger leaving upon the shoulders of two of the men.

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While he was speaking his host entered, followed by three or four men.

GUELDEN'S LAST DRINK.

"I have traveled this road every day of my life, ever since it was laid, in charge of the San Francisco, the prettiest and best engine on the line. It was a south-western road, running, as we will say from A. to Z. At A, my mother lived; at Z, I had the sweetest little wife in the world, and a baby, the very image of his pa. I had always a dollar or two put by for a rainy day, and the boys spoke of me as an odd kind of a man. 'To be shut up with an engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, don't make a cent!' I had a terrible time, and I never squandered my leisure spinning yards and listening to railroad jokes in the round house. My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her 'Joe.'

"I never belonged to any of the railway clubs or other organizations, and never should, if it hadn't been for Granby. Granby was a nephew of our divisions superintendent, and it's a failure with us men of the road that we like to be noticed by the fellows at headquarters, if only permitted to touch the hem of their garments. Granby was a showy fellow, and often rode with me from A. to Z. He had a good opinion of me, and, as far as I know, we were good friends. Once he said to me:

"'You ought to belong to the Railway Scientific Club, Guelden.'

"'Never heard of it,' said I.

"'We meet once a fortnight,' he replied, 'and have a jolly good time. We want practical, thinking men of your sort, and I'll propose you, if you like.'

"I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But the engineer don't have any nights or days to himself, and the club would have one evening a fortnight from Joe. I said:

"'I will ask her. If she likes it, yes.'

"'Ask whom? he said.'

"'Every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, 'Can't spare you, my dear,' and we should no club at all,' said Granby.

"But I made no answer. At home I told Joe:

"'I shall miss you, Ned; but you do love such things, and if Granby belongs to it, they must be superior men.'

"So I said yes, and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the rooms. The real business of the evening was the supper.

"I had always been a temperate man. I did not know what effect wine would have upon me, but to come to drink more of it than I had ever before at the club-table, I found it put steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk, and after so many more, I did.

"I seemed like somebody else the words were so ready. My ideas came out and were listened to. I made sharp hits and indulged in repartees, told stories and even came to puns. I heard somebody say, 'Granby, by George, that's a man worth having. I thought him dull at first.' Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Ned, Guelden, with ten words an hour than the wine-made wit I was.

"I was sure of it when three months after I stumbled up stairs to find Joe waiting for me with her baby on her breast.

"'You've been deceiving me,' said Joe. 'I suspected it, but wasn't sure. A Scientific Club couldn't smell like a bar room.'

"'Which means that I do,' said I.

"'And look like one,' said Joe, as she locked herself and her baby in the spare bedroom.

"One night I was dressed in my Sunday suit, ready to go to the club, when Joe stood before me.

"'Ned,' said she, 'I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind and good and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask what I mean—you know.'

"'It's only club night,' said I.

"'It will grow,' said she.

"Then she put her arms around my neck.

"'Ned, said she, 'do you think a thing so much like a booted and strapped down demon as steam is, is fit to put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, not only Thursday night but all the nights of the week will be the same. I have often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people, must be, and you'll know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessing all those years. Don't throw them away. Ned! if you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself.'

"My little Joe. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"'Don't be afraid, child; I'll never pain you again.'

"And I meant it; but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

"I couldn't get home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa and to leave the place for good the next day. Already I felt my brain 'reel' as it had never done before. In an hour I was in a kind of stupor. It was morning. A water stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his face. My heart felt ready to burst; my hand trembled. I looked at my watch; I had only just five minutes to reach the depot.

"Joe's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

"The San Francisco glistened in the sun. The cars were filing rapidly. From my post I could hear the people talking—bidding each other good-bye, and promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the share-holders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"Good-bye, Klity; good-bye, Lue; he said; 'don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Guelden the most careful engineer. I would not be afraid to trust every mortal to their keeping. Nothing could happen with the two together.'

"I said, 'We'll get through it somehow and Joe shall never talk to me again. After all, it was easy enough, feeling as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off."

"Five hours from L. to D.; five hours back again. I knew now that on the last run I should be myself again. I saw a flutter, and never guessed what it was until we had passed the down train at the wrong place. Two miles more and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me and I laughed. I heard the shareholder say, 'Good-bye.'

"Of course, Mr. Guelden, you know what you are about?"

"Then I was alone, and wondering whether to go faster or slower. I did

something and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard the question:

"How many miles an hour are we making?" I didn't know.

"Rattle, rattle, rattle! I was trying now to slacken the speed of the San Francisco. I could not remember what to do; was it that or—faster or slower? I was playing with the engine like a child."

"Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash. I was flung somewhere. I was with the engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, don't make a sound."

"I gained the shore, and stood

upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and there gazed at my work."

"The engine was in fragments, the cars

in splinters; dead, dying and wounded were strewn around—men and women and children—old age and youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The mainmast crumbled in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering, 'Murderer!'

"The news had gone to A., and people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter I came to a place under the trees, and found five bodies lying there, all in their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby and two, tiny children. Was it fancy—it was pure fancy, born of my anguish? They looked like—Heaven—they were my wife and children, all cold and dead.

"How did they come on this train? What chance had brought this about? I groaned, and screamed and clasped my hands, I tore my hair, gazed on the good old face of her who gave me birth, on the lovely face of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name; there was no answer. There never could be—there never would be."

"A whilst! Great God! onward up the track thundered another train. Its red eyes glared upon me; I threw myself before it, and felt it crush me to atoms."

"It was my wife and children, all cold and dead."

"How did they come on this train? What chance had brought this about? I groaned, and screamed and clasped my hands, I tore my hair, gazed on the good old face of her who gave me birth, on the lovely face of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name; there was no answer. There never could be—there never would be."

"I was so rejoiced and astonished by the sight of her that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I, for the train went over me; but I feel no pain."

"There he goes about that train again," said my wife.

"Why, I tried to move; there was something the matter with me. I was in this room; opposite to me a crib in which my child was asleep. My wife and child were safe. Was I delirious, or what could it be?"

"Joe, I cried, 'tell me what has happened!'

"Don't madame me, you young rascal!" said Joe. "You came home in such a state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You weren't fit to manage steam and risk people's lives. The San Francisco is half way to A., by this time, and you have been frightening me to death with your dreadful talk."

"And Joe began to cry.

"Then it was a dream; only an awful dream. But I had lived through it as though it were a reality.

"Is there a Bible in the house, Joe?"

"I said I.

"I shall miss you, Ned; but you do love such things, and if Granby belongs to it, they must be superior men."

"So I said yes, and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the rooms. The real business of the evening was the supper.

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"Of course, Mr. Guelden, you know what you are about?"

"Then I was alone, and wondering whether to go faster or slower. I did

THE SIGNERS.—The signers of the Declaration of Independence were all natives of the American soil with the exception of eight. Sixteen of them were from the Eastern, or New England colonies, fourteen from the Middle, and eighteen from the Southern colonies. One was a native of Maine, nine were natives of Massachusetts, two of Rhode Island, three of Connecticut, three of New Jersey, five of Pennsylvania, two of Delaware, two of Maryland, nine of Virginia, and four of South Carolina. Two were born in England, three in Ireland, and one was born in Scotland, and one was born in Wales.

Twenty-seven of the Signers had been regularly graduated in colleges, or about one-half. Twenty others had received an academic education, and the remainder had each been taught at a plain school or at home. Of the fifty-six Signers, twenty-six had studied the institutions of Great Britain while sojourning in that country. All had something to lose if the struggle should result in failure to them. Many of them were very wealthy, and with very few exceptions, all of them were blessed with a competence.

Thirty-four of the Signers were lawyers, thirteen were planters or farmers, nine were merchants, five were physicians, two were mechanics, one was a clergyman, one a mason, and one a surveyor. The youngest member of Congress when the Declaration was signed (Rutledge) was twenty-seven years of age; the eldest (the one Dr. Franklin was seventy. Forty-two of the fifty-six were between thirty and fifty years of age. The average age of all was forty-three years and ten months.

Not one of the Signers ever fell from the high estate to which that great act had elevated him. It has been well said that "the annals of the world can present no political body the lives of whose members, minutely traced, exhibit so much of the zeal of the patriot, dignified and chastened by the virtues of the man.

—Harper's for August.

—H. C. WHITCHER,

Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern, Western and Northern

DIDN'T "BOUNCE" WORTH A CENT.—On Monday afternoon a rather laughable incident occurred at the telegraph office in the northeast corner of the old State House basement, the particulars of which were as witnessed by a few bystanders, were as follows: A boy about twelve years of age neatly dressed, and apparently the most mild-mannered children in the city, was intently watching through the window of the office the modus operandi of transmitting messages inside. Seated near the latter personage was a visitor to the establishment who thought he would have a little fun at the expense of the youthful spectator, and he accordingly spoke to one of the office boys, about the same age and size as the youth outside, saying, "Johnny, go bounce that chap out there." Obedient to the order, and probably desiring no better fun, out skipped "Johnny," and in a moment he had the astonished looker on by the collar of his jacket; but the latter like a flash recovered from his surprise and, whirling around, he, with a well directed application of shoe leather to that portion of Johnny's body that he sits down upon, sent him flying down the steps of the office. After accomplishing this feat, the mild-mannered youth stood for a few minutes at the head of the steps with a look upon his juvenile face which spoke as plainly as words, "Is there any one else here would like to bounce me?" but not receiving any intimation that there was he walked off whistling. —Harper's for August.

—H. C. WHITCHER,

Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern, Western and Northern

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
MACHINISTS,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Steam Engines,
Bolters Snafting, Pulleys Mill Gears
And all kinds of Machine Work.

129 Main street, Woburn.

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and

in the most satisfactory manner.

Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment

of bolts, Nuts and Screws, Iron Pipe, Brass and

Copper, Bolts, Nut and Screw Stands, Pump

Stones, Metal and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose

Wires, Emery Cloth, Machine Oils and

Greases, and various kinds of Mach

The Middlesex County Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. . . . JOURNAL BUILDING, 204 MAIN STREET. . . . TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Vol. XXII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

No 46.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine
array of Greenhouse Plants.
Dried and Cut Flowers furnished at short
notice.



Extracts of Roots and Herbs which almost in
variably cure the following complaints:—

Diabetes. Diabetes, Complaints, and Loss of Appetite, caused by taking a few bottles

Exsiccation. Loss of Spirit, and Sinking, care-
less, and fainting through the skin or otherwise, cured readily by following the direc-
tions on the bottle.

Fever. Rheumatic, Bladder, and Urinary derange-
ments; it has no equal; one bottle will cure the
most sceptical.

Worms. Extracts from the system without the
loss of strength; a few bottles are sufficient for the
most obstinate case.

Piles. Every one bottle has cured the most difficult
cases of piles, and remedies failed.

Nervous Difficulties. Neuralgia, Headache,
&c., eased immediately.

Remedies. Swelled Joints, and all Ser-
vices, removed of greatly relieved by this
invaluable medicine.

**Brachitis, Catarrh, Convulsions, and Hy-
pertension.** Extracts from the system without the
loss of strength; a few bottles are sufficient for the
most obstinate case.

Drastic. Rheumatic, Pain in the Lungs, Side
and Chest, almost invariably cured by taking a
few bottles.

Female Difficulties. So prevalent among
American ladies, yield readily to this invaluable
medicine, the Quaker Bitters.

Worms. Extracts from the system without the
loss of strength; a few bottles are sufficient for the
most obstinate case.

Diabetes. Diabetes, Complaints, and Loss of Appete-
ite, caused by taking a few bottles

Poetry.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Feet not that the children's hearts are gay,
That the restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by and by,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fan.

When you'll long for the repetition sweet
That sounds through each room;
Of "mother," "mother," the dear love calls,
That will echo long in the silent halls;
And when their steady gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread;—
The timeless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out;
And patterning overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide;
Or gone to the undiscovered shore
Where youth and age come never more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;

They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Selected.

How Blumble got Married.

Blumble boasted of being a confirmed
bachelor, and took pride in being called a
woman hater. I mean Thomas Blumble of
the importing house of "Hood, Stiver and
Bumble."

He was very fond of letting

people know that he disregarded the
charms of the softer sex, and was frequently

heard to say that he would like

to see the woman that could get him under
her thumb. There was a time, of course,

when Blumble was susceptible to the
overtures of Cupid; because when he

was plain "Tom," of fifteen years of age,

and left "Rock Cove," to the city,

and entered the employ of "Mensor,

"Hood, Stiver & Blumble." He left behind him the
clock striking ten. Buttoning his coat
closely around him, he hurried down the
lane toward the hotel.

As he turned from the lane into the
great road, he was suddenly, and not very
softly seized by the throat, by the shoul-
ders, and by the coat tails, by at least a
 dozen hands. He was rather too much surprised to speak, even if he had had a
chance to do so. The hands so closely
clenched around his throat would have
prevented his speaking, if he had not been so
greatly surprised. As he could not
speak, he listened very patiently to some
few dozen exclamations of "Now we've
got you."

Something desperate must be done; so
Blumble struck the fellow that held him
by the throat, full in the face, knocking
him down, and then cried out as though
he expected that this would be the last
chance he would ever have to speak.

"What is the deuce do you mean?"

The striking question had a miraculous
effect upon the numerous hands distrib-
uted about his person, and Blumble was
free. He waited a few minutes to regain
his breath, then looking around him asked
very energetically:

"What does all this mean?"

"It means that if you don't promise to
leave town and not go to see Mary Gay
again, we'll just hide you, and then ride
you out of town on a rail," said the boy
who had the blow, who had
regained his feet.

"I know it! No!" replied Blumble, in
utter astonishment.

"Why, yes, I've been engaged to
Charley Dudley for a long while, and I
thought you knew all about it, and was
only paying attention to me out of
politeness. Charley is in New York now,
but we are to be married next Christ-
mas."

"Married next!"

We may guess what Blumble was
going to say, but we shall always be in
doubt, for instead of finishing his
sentence, he took his hat and rushed out of
the house, not even waiting to make the
parting salutation of "good evening."

Perhaps he was afraid to trust his gnash-
ing teeth, for fear they would change his
well meant words into some wicked ex-
pression, when being convinced of some-
thing he had rather not believe.

For a few minutes the whole party re-
mained in silence; finally one of the
young denizens of P., broke the spell by
asking:

"Ain't your name Blumble?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you from Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"And don't you know Mary Gay?"

"No, sir."

"Well, now that's strange. She said
his name was Blumble, and that is your
name; he belongs to Boston and so do you;
and you've been right up by her, and
she who might have been Mrs. Thomas
Blumble, must be content to be Mrs.
Blumble's servant.

Something about Blumble's manner
seemed to convince the young men that
he was in earnest, for they uttered various
expressions, such as, "That's a likely
story!" "He's gassing!" "I don't
believe it," etc. Men invariably express
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WEDDING OUTRAGES.—As things go
now-a-days, an invitation to a wedding
is no laughing matter. Those paste-
board squares, with their entanglement
of monograms, sum up to take part
in many absurdities of custom; but of all
these the most absurd and burdensome is
that of giving presents. The fact is, that
marrying people practice upon their
friends a system of barefaced extortion,
without allowing them to resent or expose it.
There is no pretence of spontaneity or sentiment in these gifts; they
are purchased, because they must be;
and this the receiver well understands.
This exactation upon their lot, Thomas or
Polly Ann. One thing more and I am done
to Blumble's advertisement for a chambermaid
who would assist in plain sewing, who do you think applied
for the situation? You'll never guess, so
I'll tell you. It was Hattie Elton! Her
New York beau had heard of her flirtations
with Blumble, and for that reason
brought her to Boston, and so do they
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Middlesex County Journal.

John E. Parker, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on paid in any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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ANARCHY OR LAW.

The cowardly attempt to assassinate the Chief of Police, while he was engaged in the peaceful occupation of assisting in the removal of property from a burning building, and the murderous attack upon the officers while engaged in carrying out a direct vote of the Town to enforce the liquor law, are two very significant incidents. There may always be found in a community like ours, turbulent spirits to whom resistance of law is a virtue. When left to their own devices they are bad enough, but when men whose position and whose calling should place them on the side of good, become their accomplices, and by incendiary language endeavor to bring the officers into disrepute, and to encourage the brutal mob to acts of violence, the difficulty assumes an importance seldom seen in a country town. It is not often that ruffianism has an organ, for the difficulty in procuring it makes it almost impossible, as no journal of any pretensions to decency will prostitute his press to such a purpose, but when one is secured, the Mob becomes a Power. Such is the condition of affairs in Woburn. Happily for us, the citizens at large array themselves against the new Power, and the unanimous voice is that it has gone too far. Within a year Officer Simonds was beaten to insensibility, Special Officer Erwin similarly treated, a man who testifies in his behalf cruelly beaten, Officer Osgood narrowly escapes with his life, and because the officers in sheer self-defense draw pistols on their blood-thirsty pursuers, the Mob resorts to arms, and threatens next time to use pistols instead of stones. Undoubtedly the officers will not be deterred by this from the execution of their duty. As one remarked, "had as lief die of a bullet as of a stone." But we cannot afford to let our officers die, and we can prevent it by a healthy public sentiment. Let the Mob, and any who execute it, know that they will receive no comfort or aid outside their own ranks, and their power is gone. Courage is no part of their stock in trade. The charge of several hundred men on six policemen, giving them volleys of stones when their backs were turned, and the stabbing a man in the back at night in a crowd, are not exhibitions of valor. It becomes the duty of every good citizen to do his part to bring about a healthier state of affairs. At present no man is safe, for if assaulted and he calls for help, the guardians of the peace are at once the targets for murderous assault. What can be done? Any attempt to excuse the Mob should be frowned upon. The officers and the magistrate should be encouraged and sustained. Law and order should be talked up, and public sentiment created in its favor. At the Town Meeting which occurs this (Friday) afternoon let the attempt to send to the Court the by-law passed in April in relation to standing on the sidewalk be voted down. And whenever and wherever an issue is made between good citizenship and disorder let us rally, and teach the enemies of peaceful existence that anarchy can find no place in Woburn.

LUCKY.—Last Monday one of our citizens found a penny, and a bystander remarked it would bring him good luck, and sure enough it did. Tuesday he was at the beach, and found a lady's car; finding the owner he restored the jewel, and its grateful possessor insisted on paying his bills for the day. Next day in the Lowell depot a crumpled envelope lay in his path, and he kicked it along before him nearly the entire length of the depot, but finally picked it up, and found that it contained tickets to the West, valued at \$60. Soon afterwards an emigrant and his daughter, in great distress at their loss, came inquiring for their tickets. They gave the numbers, which corresponded exactly to those on the tickets found by our friend, and he made them happy by restoring them. The daughter would not be satisfied until he accepted a gold half sovereign as a memento, which he now wears on his watch chain. One of the railroad men lost his temper the other day, but our lucky friend found it for him. There's nothing like luck.

NEW SCHOOL-HOUSES.—The School Committee and Selectmen have made a report in print, on the subject of school-houses. They recommend an eight room grammar school-house on Main near Green street. Another on Powder-hill Hill, and one each in East Woburn and on Cedar street. To pay for these it is proposed to make a twenty-year loan of \$40,000, the interest only to be annual provided for. The reasons given are very strong, and it will pay to preserve the whole pamphlet.

TOWN MEETING.—The meeting this (Friday) afternoon is an important one, and we hope will be a full one. Arts. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 6, refer to the school house question, which has been so fully discussed by the committees. Art. 7 is a resumption of Mark Allen's quarrel with the police, which the town had better settle once for all. Art. 8 refers to the Walnut street widening and straightening. Art. 9 asks that hereafter no street shall be made less than 50 feet wide.

TAXES.—The assessors find the total valuation \$8,750,742. They have fixed the rate at \$1.670. They will assess \$1.25 high tax on all the polls, which will make them pay \$3.25. There are 150 houses, a gain of 65, and a population of 9,631, a gain of 266.

TRIAL JUSTICE.—The commission of P. L. Converse, Esq., as Trial Justice was qualified on his new commission, Thursday noon, so that for twelve hours we were without a Trial Justice.

PICNIC.—The Episcopal Society went to the beach on Tuesday in the excursion barges.

RIOTERS PROCEEDINGS.—Last Saturday evening, the policemen made a raid on Salmon's store and seized what liquors they found there. The store was pretty full of customers, and the gas was turned off on the entry of the officers, but they promptly lighted up again. As the officers passed out, however, the gas was again turned off, and some one shouted, "Give it to them." This was followed by a shower of eggs, tumblers, bottles and other movables, biting the officers. One man named Bartly Carr, was standing in the doorway, and was seen by the light from across the street, to throw both which struck Mr. Day the Chief of Police. Carr attempted to get back into the crowd, but was seized by Officers Osgood and Day and conveyed to the Police Room. On their way down, the crowd followed, throwing missiles at the officers, and a sort of running fight was kept up all the way. Near Union street, Osgood was hit on the head with a stone, and partially stunned, but he kept hold of him until reaching Dodge's drug store, when he staggered in and had his wound attended to, and was afterwards taken home in a carriage. When he was hit, one of the officers fired his revolver over the heads of the crowd, and subsequently two more shots were fired, which each time served to check the rioters, and the officers reached headquarters considerably bruised, but with the exception of Osgood they were not seriously hurt. Carr was hit with a stone, but was unable to find him. He also found a good deal of trouble in getting a \$10 greenback changed which he said he had with him. Arriving at last in Charlestown he drove to a store on Main street, and told Parker that he knew a fellow in there, and that they would go to dinner with him. Parker remained in the carriage, and Stickney entered the store. After waiting a half hour, Parker, who was somewhat disgusted with the monotony of sitting in the carriage, got out and went into the store, where he inquired for his companion. He was told that the man had asked for a Mr. Cummings who worked in a grocery somewhere near there, and that when he left, he went out by the Warren street door. Parker waited an hour and a half longer, but no Stickney returned, and he then drove the team back to Woburn. He went in at several places where Stickney had stopped on the way down, but found that his inquiries related to anything rather than a trick dog or the changing of a \$10 note. Officer John E. Tidd in company with Mr. A. H. Libby, who had met Stickney before, started to look him up on Saturday morning. After some investigation, traces of the fellow were discovered and the warrant for his arrest was left in the hands of a Charlestown officer, who secured him in the course of the afternoon. Officer Tidd brought him to Woburn, and after examination he was bound over for trial and for want of bail was committed.

Mr. Osgood suffered considerably Saturday night and Sunday but was able to appear in court on Monday. The misfortune struck his head a little back of the right temple, and he narrowly escaped serious injury. The Judge in sentencing Carr took occasion to refer to the frequency of these attacks upon officers, and remarked that there seemed to be a struggle going on between anarchy and law. An impression prevails to some extent that the officers can be resisted with impunity, and this he hoped would not continue. It sometimes occurs that the evidence is not sufficient for conviction, but whenever it was, he considered it his duty to impose the heaviest penalties. The officers must be protected, if we would live in peace. If they are not, then every man will be obliged to arm himself and become his own protector. Such a state of affairs would not be desirable, and it therefore behoves every friend of good order, and the rights of the people to disownenance forcible resistance of the law and its officers, and all do in their power to maintain peace and insure the security of the citizen.

Monday afternoon, Patrick Kelly was arrested for an assault on Officer Osgood and a continuation until Wednesday at 2 P. M. Michael and Patrick Ferrin became his sureties in the sum of \$500. Charles McCormack was examined for the same offence. It appeared in evidence that he endeavored to force the door while the officers were in Salmon's and when Osgood and Day came out with Carr, McCormack seized Osgood and attempted to pull him away. He also raised his arm to throw a stone at Osgood when he was seized by Officer Simonds. He was held to answer in \$500, Thomas J. Porter, Esq., being his bondsman.

Kelley was examined on Wednesday, and was defended by H. H. Mather Esq., of Boston. Officer Day testified to Osgood being struck. Richardson saw Kelley raise his arm and throw a stone at Osgood, and he charged him with it, and told him to go home. Doyle saw Kelley running towards Osgood with his arm upraised, and something in his hand. Simonds saw Kelley pass him in the direction of the officers, and advised him to keep back. Osgood testified to seeing Kelley in the crowd a moment before he was struck. The defence introduced Kelley, Mr. McGrath, Thomas Corbett and Thomas Kelley as witnesses all of whom corroborated the government as to Kelley's presence, but denied that he threw anything. The Judge held that there was probably cause to believe that the man was guilty, and he ordered him to recognize in \$500 for his appearance at the Superior Court.

GOOD WALKING.—On Tuesday at ten minutes of ten, Al Libby and E. W. Andrews started to walk to Boston and back. They reached the city in one hour and fifty minutes, and immediately started back. Andrews gave up at Winter Hill Station and took the cars for home. Libby kept on and reached home at three minutes of two. He stopped one minute in East Cambridge and six minutes in Medford, making his total walking time four hours.

MUSIC.—We have received from Green's Music Store, on Railroad street, three pieces of sheet music, all of which are very pleasing songs:—"The Old Footsteps," and "I'm only waiting." We advise our singing friends to call round and examine Mr. Green's collection of music. Any piece not on hand will be promptly furnished.

A Winchester letter informs us that "over a hundred of our best men are going to hold a meeting to see if they can draw up Turkey Swamp." A peck of dirt is supposed to be an allowance, but if these men have swallowed a swamp, no wonder they want to throw up.

TRIAL JUSTICE.—The commission of P. L. Converse, Esq., as Trial Justice was qualified on Wednesday at midnight. He was qualified on his new commission, Thursday noon, so that for twelve hours we were without a Trial Justice.

PICNIC.—The Episcopal Society went to the beach on Tuesday in the excursion barges.

A LIVE BEAT.—William Hall alias Harry Stickney is a bright and shining ornament of the class above-mentioned. Our exchanges have given him the benefit of their columns a number of times in recording his sponging exploits in various places, and now we have an opportunity to add our testimony. This promising specimen (he is all promises) had been Woburn, Thursday, July 24th, and registered his name at the Central House as Harry Stickney of Stickney's New York Circus. He is a fellow of good address, indigent in good clothes, and for some time past has been living at the expense of others. While here he engaged board for a score or more of hours connected with the circus troupe. He described himself as a performer on the horizontal bar, a bare-back rider and other specialties. Friday forenoon, about 11 o'clock he procured a team of G. F. Jones and asking Charlie Parker to take a ride started for Medford where he alleged there was a trick dog he wanted to purchase. He left the team at various points on the road, to inquire (as he pretended) for the residence of the owner of this dog, but was unable to find him. He also found a good deal of trouble in getting a \$10 greenback changed which he said he had with him. Arriving at last in Charlestown he drove to a store on Main street, and told Parker that he knew a fellow in there, and that they would go to dinner with him. Parker remained in the carriage, and Stickney entered the store. After waiting a half hour, Parker, who was somewhat disgusted with the monotony of sitting in the carriage, got out and went into the store, where he inquired for his companion. He was told that the man had asked for a Mr. Cummings who worked in a grocery somewhere near there, and that when he left, he went out by the Warren street door. Parker waited an hour and a half longer, but no Stickney returned, and he then drove the team back to Woburn. He went in at several places where Stickney had stopped on the way down, but found that his inquiries related to anything rather than a trick dog or the changing of a \$10 note. Officer John E. Tidd in company with Mr. A. H. Libby, who had met Stickney before, started to look him up on Saturday morning. After some investigation, traces of the fellow were discovered and the warrant for his arrest was left in the hands of a Charlestown officer, who secured him in the course of the afternoon. Officer Tidd brought him to Woburn, and after examination he was bound over for trial and for want of bail was committed.

MAN CUT.—Owen McElhenney applied for a warrant against S. R. French on Thursday for assaulting him with a knife. Mr. French is boss tanner at Moseley's tannery, and McElhenney says that on Wednesday he was at work in a pit, when French told him to come out and get his pay. He came out, and French attacked him, cutting his arm so that a surgeon was called to sew it up. Mr. French's version differs from the above. He says that McElhenney was intoxicated, and on being charged with it, declared his intention of leaving. He came out of the pit and demanded his pay. As he was bad on him only a pair of pants, Mr. French told him to put on his shirt, and then he would go to the counting-room with him. Mr. French was testing hide, and had in his hand a small pocket-knife. McElhenney was very much excited, and jumped towards French, swinging his arms as if to strike him. French put up his hands to ward off a blow, and McElhenney hit the knife with his arm above the elbow. The wound was only a slight one. Mr. French appealed before Judge Converse Thursday evening, plead not guilty, and waiving an examination, gave bail in \$400 for his appearance before the Superior Court.

WALKING.—We can endorse from personal experience, the following article on walking which we find in *HEARTH and HOME*. As a relief from the exhaustion which follows light aigue chills, there is nothing for us like an hour's sharp walk, and a smart towelling. Mr. Eggleston says:

"There is no exercise so fine as walking, if one knows how to take it. When a disease in one part of the body becomes incurable, a physician will sometimes attack it by a walk, and so diverting the sickness from its stronghold, a man who uses his head until the brain is weary need to tire his legs.

You complain that you can not walk. You say, 'I do not observe the rules, Walk easily.' Take the rules. Do not force yourself into exhaustion. Beguile by walking, as you can bear it. Every now and then I backslide, get nervous, think the sun hurts me, and take to riding in street cars. These means are good, but when I am so fatigued that I can not walk, I go to the Turkish bath." The first three minutes you are ready to faint, to burst, to die. But when once the perspiration has started, and all the little safety-valves are open, you are in for a great deal of pleasure thirty or forty degrees more than you than than that you have an explosion seems imminent. So when you are nervous about walking, and the heat seems to be on you have only to start off in a steady, easy gait. At the end of a mile walking is delightful. You wouldn't ride if you could."

SLIGHT DISCREPANCIES.—A story has been circulated that Officer Plummer struck Mrs. Salmon last Saturday. It may be so, but it is a little singular that so good an opportunity to make a case against the officers should be neglected.

The "other side" of the story is, that Plummer had a dark lantern, and when the gas was turned off, he pulled the sile and flashed the light, when Mrs. Salmon struck the lantern to knock it out of his hand. After the gas was turned off, Osgood went to the meter and turned it on, and to prevent more darkness, secured the meter wrench. When the search was over he replaced the wrench, and the search warrant was shown to Mr. Hill, and the officers had reached the door before the gas was a second time turned off. It is reported that the officers got only three gills of liquor, but they claim nearly four quarts.

APPOINTMENT.—Under Chapter 175, Acts 1873, requiring towns to appoint a keeper of the lock-up, John W. Day, our efficient Chief of Police, has been selected and sworn to the performance of the duties of the position.

WINCHESTER.

—Rev. E. C. Bissell will preach his concluding sermon in Winchester, tomorrow (Sunday) evening.

HIGHWAYS.—The condition of our highways does not seem to suit "Victor," who thinks that with our increased expenditures for the same, there has not been a corresponding increase of benefits derived therefrom. No doubt our highways are not all that could be desired, but it is a difficult subject to handle. Every part of the town has some road always that needs improving, which even the large sum appropriated cannot meet in a proper manner. The growth of the town and its consequent expansion, necessitates new streets and the widening of old ones. Had our town and many others been originally laid out with wide thoroughfares, a great amount of expense would have been saved. These streets, their widening and extension, are proving a heavy burden, although the betterment law serves to those who are benefited thereby. We rather think that the grading and condition of our highways are as good as those of any town in the vicinity. Certain it is, that the roads are found so good that they are largely improved by the residents of our own and other towns to drive upon. This would not be if there were so many stumbling blocks in the way as is suggested. The statement that we have not been able to secure water from your town, all we want, and under the terms of the bill at a price that must be satisfactory. A few men have been so in the habit of manipulating the affairs of this town, that the best citizens will not attend town meeting, for whatever a committee see fit to do, whether reasonable or otherwise, is sure to be forced upon the public. The time of the meeting has been half past, the project would have been killed outright. Many of those who voted the thing, now regret it. A more unwise and stupid piece of work was never commenced, and will be known in history as "Winchester's water-jolly." It will entail a debt of \$200,000, also incurred by the many improvements on the church and parochial houses. A paper will be issued in connection with the fair.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Carter, for a short time last Thursday to consider the water question, on the fourth page is from the pen of one of our High School class of '76. Not a bad production for a lad 14 years old.

THE POET.—The poetry on the fourth page is from the pen of one of our High School class of '76. Not a bad production for a lad 14 years old.

GOOD DEED OF FUN.—The other day the men at work on the drainage job, struck a pool full of eels, the water of which had nearly all drained off. A game of grab and "hunt the slipper," was indulged in, which became so exciting that the men were with difficulty recalled.

RUNAWAY.—Mr. Ballard left his horse

for a short time last Thursday to consider the water question, on the fourth page is from the pen of one of our High School class of '76. Not a bad production for a lad 14 years old.

R.—The new line to Concord will be opened Monday, Aug. 4th. The trains will be timed so that they will arrive at Lexington at the times of the present arrangement, twenty minutes being allowed for the run between here and Concord. Freight trains have been run over the road, even as early as last week, but the formal opening is reserved for Monday next.

CATHOLIC.—The Catholics of Lexington have purchased the Davis estate (370-1000 acres) on Monument street for \$6,000 cash. They will probably fit the house on the estate for a temporary chapel, until they are prepared to build a church such as Catholics generally raise, and such as will be an ornament to the town. Rev. A. P. Molinari has been appointed assistant priest to Rev. J. M. Finotti, pastor of the Catholic churches of Arlington and Lexington.

BAND.—Our friends of the band gave

both sections of the town an opportunity

to enjoy a treat last week. One night

they played at the music stand upon the green in the centre, and on Saturday night they went to East Lexington and played until about 10 o'clock. Afterwards they partook of a collation in Adams Hall. Mr. Nathaniel Flint has offered to give the necessary land, and a music stand is to be built upon it. Our East Village friends are to have music once a fortnight.

ON Sunday evening last Rev. Robert Laird Collier, of Chicago, preached,

at Lincoln, and about a score of our citizens attended.

The sermon, which was from the text, "For I am in a strait betwixt two," Phil. 1: 23, was an able effort, illustrative of the relative power of conscience and the attractions of the world.

CARY LIBRARY.—The library will be

open for distribution of books to-day,

when the following new books will be added:

Political Portraits; Souvenir of

Luther; Anecdotes of Public Men;

History of the Bastille; Huxley's Critiques

and Addresses; Literature and

New Publications.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH, Aug. New York: S. R. Wells.
This number comes to our table with the regularity of clock-work. It is well filled with articles pertinent to the season. While the literary man is regaled with lively chit-chat upon subjects of interest to himself, and conversational notes, confessions, and observations, by Sir E. L. Bulwer. Who does not know Bulwer? Well, the great novelist in this paper talks plain, sensible, valuable prose, and what he says is worth knowing, especially upon habit. Who would not rise to a noble manhood, and take an elevated rank as a benefactor of his race? Let any one with aspirations for good and usefulness read carefully this article, and rise from the perusal strengthened with the belief that in good habits, physically and systematically carried out, will tell on our own future as well as the future of those around us. An interesting paper on the Household and Agricultural is one containing varied and amusing miscellany. This is called the "Green Corn" number. Lovers of this staple will learn by this number that there are nine ways to cook green corn, as well as one way to eat it.

At His Gates. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

One of the kind of books we love to look upon, first for its tactful mechanical execution. Why can we not have more of this style of books? The type is fair, clear, and beautiful; the wood cuts clearly defined and sharply cut, and fully illustrate the interesting letter-press. So much for the mechanical execution of the work.

Mrs. Oliphant, as a writer, is well known to American readers all over our country. The style, as usual, is terse, pure, and forcible. She tells you her story as if she really and truly believed it. At the very commencement of the tale, the heroine and her daughter engross our whole heart, our sympathies accompanying her to the end. These two are well drawn characters, and though they are not entirely faultless, their faults may be said to lean to virtue's side. In strong contrast to these we notice those characters which may be called "decided bad." We readily part company with them, and when finally disposed of, we breathe more freely. Of this work we can say, we cheerfully recommend it to all its many readers as one of the most interesting, fresh and lifelike novels of the day. We think it the best Mrs. Oliphant has given to the public.

POETRY SCIENCE MONTHLY. August. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Were all so very good, as is this first-class monthly, it is somewhat difficult to point out the best article of the whole. The opening paper is the Electric Telegraph, with fine illustrations. This is a subject of such world-wide reputation that the mind never tires with the new and interesting revelations that every day brings to light. Wonderful invention! what grand improvements are yet to be made which will add a tenth interest to this, now one of the wonders of the scientific world.

Next we notice a graphic feature of the footprints upon the rocks made by those gigantic birds of the olden time. All scientific students know well Prof. Hitchcock, if not personally, by reputation. Going back to the very first slab turned up by the student of Williams' College while ploughing in his father's field, and following on step by step over all the more recent discoveries, what grand developments present themselves to all who love the wonderful and natural in the geologic world. These wonderful revelations of that time now cease to give the mind any serious impression, or cause any surprise, for now we are in the possession of facts that well establish two facts from the very plannest deduction. First, that these are the tracks of birds made years ago, and made when the sandstone or slab upon which they are imprinted was a soft and moist consistency, susceptible of receiving these foot-print from the birds as they passed along the sandy shore. The whole of this interesting paper should be read, and if read, will be much appreciated by every one who takes this magazine of the times. The balance of this No. is well filled with papers of sterling merit. We regret that our limits confine us to this brief notice of a rich and truly valuable work.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA. N. H.: Kilburn and Brothers. Littleton.

We have received from Messrs. Kilburn & Bros., photographic publishers, a fine collection of stereoscopic views of Mexico, new views never before published, among which are, the Great Tree of Chapultepec, called the Tree of Montezuma,—so very finely executed that every fibre of the limbs of the tree, the leaves long and pendant, are made to stand out in bold, well-defined relief: a Mexican Ranch; the celebrated Popocatepetl from Ameaca meca, Mexico; Schools of San Carlos, city of Mexico; Pyramid of Cholula, Mexico; Aztec-Sacred Stone, Mexico; Monument over 750 U. S. soldiers who fell in the Valley of Mexico during the Mexican War; and many others.

Horace Dodd has issued a very useful Postal Guide for July. Every business man would find it convenient, send ten cents to H. Dodd, 121 Washington St., Boston, for it.

WAKEFIELD VALUATION.—The following are the assessors returns for this town: Valuation real estate, \$8,146,325; valuation personal do., \$88,227; total, \$9,044,552. Number of polls 1873, 1950; number of polls 1872, 1703; increase 26. Number of new dwellings erected in 1873, 100. Amount of appropriations 1873, \$71,225. Rate of taxation, \$18.50 per \$1000. Population 6041. Number of individuals and firms that pay a tax of \$100 and upwards, 134. Largest taxpayer, Cyrus Wakefield whose tax is \$12,624.55.

Fire.—A fire in East Boston Thursday afternoon destroyed the lower portion of the National Dock and Warehouse Company's building on Lewis street. The fire burned with great fury, fed as it was by an immense quantity of jute, gunny bags, gunny cloth and hemp; and it was two hours before the progress of the flames was arrested, and the adjoining buildings saved. The property stored in the building was estimated to be worth

at least \$400,000, and it is probable that the loss will amount to the same sum. The first estimate of the insurance was \$360,000., but the whole amount is expected to reach a larger figure. The smoke was visible in Woburn.

THE FORCE OF SODA.—As a soda team was standing at the city hall pump, Saturday evening, an accident occurred which made it quite lively for a minute. Two men were sitting in the wagon, which also contained a soda fountain. A sudden explosion occurred in the fountain, causing the two men to bound themselves making quick transit, per force, but landing safely on the ground, as did also the soda fountain. The horse received an impetus from the discharge, dashed up onto the sidewalk, and then, having lost sight of it, had stopped. When the gentlemen in charge of the team returned to headquarters they quickly informed their employer that they had been on a "bus."—*London American.*

THE Springfield Union thinks that this is the way some of the druggists do under the new dispensation. A man comes in and calls for a pint of choice liquors. While the clerk is corking the bottle, he remarks, "Do you want this for mechanical or medicinal purpose?" "Haw, well, yes, yes. Why do you ask?" "Oh, we must put it down so on the book, that's all," and the purchaser goes off feeling that it is much more refined to get his liquor across the counter of a respectable druggist, than through somebody's back door.

THE pastor of a Baptist church in Berkshire County, noticing a large number of sleepers in his congregation stopped midway in his sermon, gave a brief respite for their drowsiness, and omitting the benediction and the communion that was to follow, closed his Bible, took his hat and walked out of the church, leaving his hearers in their pews. Those hearers will probably keep awake next time.—*T. F. Reporter.*

CHARLESTON proposes in 1876, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the one hundred and twenty-third of the incorporation of the town, and the one hundred and twenty-ninth of the defense of the town against the French and Indians by Capt. Phineas Stephens and thirty brave associates, in 1744. —*Peabody Press.*

WE may seek for friends and yet fail to find them—we may even zealously strive to make friends, and yet realize in our sad experience, that we have but made enemies; but we have it in our power to be able to say, "It has been my privilege to be a true friend; and better suffer as the friend deceived, than be the base deceiver of a friend."

THREE virtuous Chicago roughs attacked an old man whom they found fishing on Sunday, and after knocking him down and jumping on him, asked him if his Bible didn't tell him better than to fish on Sundays!

A Band in Every Village.

is, or soon to be, and the mellow noise of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. So be it, in this fashion, and in season, and pursue the best sounding.

CORNETS, ALTOs, BASSES, or any other Band Instruments, which

Violins, Guitars, Flutes, all Orchestral and Art Instruments, in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise will be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at the store of

J. C. HAYES & CO., 33 Court St., Boston.

In Woburn, July 29th, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Dr. Edwin C. Ritchie and Miss Josephine E. Brownell, all of W.

Married

In Winchester, July 28th, Dana Fay, aged 78 years, 9 mos.

In Woburn, July 29th, Hannah P. Chamberlain, aged 83 years, 3 mos.

In Woburn, July 30th, Josephine, daughter of Dr. E. C. Ritchie, aged 16 years, 4 mos.

In Arlington, July 26th, Adeline N. Pattee, aged 63 years 11 months.

MEMORIAL.

At a meeting of Woburn Lodge, No. 106, I. O. G. T., held on Monday evening, July 28th, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his Providence, to remove from among us by death, SISTER JENICE C. BROWN, it is therefore

Resolved, That in her deceased, this Lodge has lost a dear and estimable member, and that we deeply sympathize with her bereaved parents and friends in their great loss, and that we pray God that he will comfort them in this great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolution be placed on our records, and also be published in the *Middlesex County Journal*.

REMEMBER: Our New Organ at Home, 250

Home is not complete without it.

At THE Standard, for Chords, &c. 1.50

Cheerful Voices, for Schools. 50

River of Life, for Sunday Schools. 35

The above books for sale by all dealers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

EDWARD DITSON & CO., Boston. 109

C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, N. Y.

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THE MINUTE-MAN.

When war's loud summons through the land
Old call our sons to arms,
The Minute-Man were bravely forth,
And feared not her alarms.

His young wife weeping on his breast,
His parents grieving o'er him;
He loved—but loved his country best,
And went with death before him.

A tyrant's foot upon her neck,
His country drew him high—
To conquer or to die.

Oh, man! when shall thy glory fade?
Thou were not born to die;
The heart, the home, and public hall
Do stand and make reply.

Never white memory dots stay,
While song and march ride,
The Minute-Man shall be our boast,
Our model, and our pride.

One of '76, (aged 14)

THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN.

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for a coach; it comes up presently, and he gets on top of it, and begins to look about him.

The coach stops; the midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money and singing. There is a poor woman standing at the door of the village inn; she looks careworn, and well she may, for in the spring her husband went up to London to seek for work. He goes for work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when, alas, a fellow workman wrote her how he had met with accident, how he was very bad and wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But as she has two children and is destitute, she must walk all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that he may die among strangers before she can reach him.

She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her, she makes a courtesy, and he withdraws his hand and throws down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while, full of gratitude she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she may sit at the bedside of her sick husband.

The midshipman knows nothing about that—and he never will know.

The passengers go on talking—the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going. But there is one who has never joined in the conversation: he is a dark-looking and restless man—he sits apart; he sees the glister of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more closely than did before.

He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy, with his pockets full of money will be no match for him. He has told the other that his father's house is in the parsonage of Y—, the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get out at the nearest point and walk, or rather run, over to his home through the great wood.

The man decides to get down, too, and go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out and struggles he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will soon be down.

No; there seems indeed little chance of his escape; the half-fledged bird, just fluttering down from its nest has no more chance against the keen-eyed hawk, than the little light-hearted sailor boy will against him.

And now they have reached the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "good evening" and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has also gone down and is following. The path lies through the village church; ord; there is evening ser— vice, and the d—l is open, for it is warm. The little midshipman steals up the porch, looks in, and—whees. The clergyman has just risen in his knees in the pulpit, and is giving in the text. Thirteen months have passed since the boy was in the house of prayer, and a feeling of pleasure induces him to stand still and listen.

He hears the opening sentence of the sermon; then he remembers home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is filled with an echo of his voice and of the prayers. He thinks of what the clergyman said of the care of our Heavenly Father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to except in the great storm, but he is grateful that he has come home in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger, which he supposed he will be some day, that the Providence of God will watch over him and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood.

The man is there before him. He has pushed himself into a thicket and cut a heavy stake. He suffers the boy to go on before, and then he comes out, falls into the path and follows. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood; but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty rods from the branching path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home makes him dash out suddenly after his saunter, with a whoop and a bound. On he goes as if running a race, the path bends and the man loses sight of him. "But I will have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep up that pace long." The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he starts up a white owl that can scarcely fly as he goes whirling along close to the ground before him. He gains upon it; another moment and it will be his. Now he gets the start again; they come to the branching at the path, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted; he knows that somewhere, deep in the woods there is a cross track by which he can get into the track he has just left; it is only to run a little faster, and he shall be home sooner as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight, when his pursuer comes to where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right—the man takes the left, and the faster they both run the further they are assured.

The white owl still hails him on. The path gets darker and narrower. At last he finds that he has missed it altogether and his feet are on the soft ground. He

stands about among the trees and stumps, vexed with himself, and panting after his race. At last he is upon another track, and pushes on as fast as he can. The ground begins sensibly to descend. He has lost his way; but he keeps bearing to the left, and though it is now dark, he thinks he must reach the main path sooner or later.

He knows not this part of the wood but keeps on. Oh, little midshipman! why did you chase the owl? If you had kept the path with the dark man behind you there was a chance that you might outrun him; or if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running straight to your death for the forest water is deep and black at the foot of the hill. Oh, that the moon would come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds, and there is not a star to glister on the water and make it visible. The fern is under his feet; as he strikes the earth, says, "we discover there are no adventures to tell."

"No, pa, nothing happened—nothing particular, I mean."

Nothing particular. If they could have known they would have thought lightly in comparison, of the dangers of the jib-boom's end and the main top mast cross trees. But they do not know, any more than we do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to provide against them; but the greater portion of them our eyes do not behold. We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground;" and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired, we come home and say nothing has happened—at least nothing in particular.

It is not well that our minds should be most exercised at these hidden dangers, since they are so great that no human art or foresight can prevent them. But it is very well we should reflect constantly on the loving Providence which watches every footstep of a track always balancing between time and eternity; and that such reflections should make us both happy and afraid—afraid of trusting ourselves too much to an earthly guide or to an earthly security—happy from the knowledge that there is One with whom we may trust them wholly, and with whom the very hairs of her head are all numbered. Without such trust, how can we rest or be at peace? but with them we may say with the psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou Lord, only maketh me dwell in safety."

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on with the weapon in his hand. Suddenly he hears a joyous whoop—not before but behind him. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake ready when the boy shall pass.

On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same time the ears of both, and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a gig. "Hilloa!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice.

"What, benighted, youngster?" says the boy.

"I am, I am," says the boy. "No, I'm not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the woods."

The man drew farther back among the bushes.

"Why, bless thee, boy," he heard the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way. This parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in this time of night."

"Done," said the boy laughing. "I do not mind that; and if you know the way, it is as safe as a quarter deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of the reach of his pursuer. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is still a chance of committing robbery. He determined still to make the attempt, and cut across the woods with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the boy, "I wish you goodnight, gentleman," says the man when he passes.

"Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you to the parsonage, and hear the rest of the story."

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The little wheels go on again. They pass the man, and he stands still in the road, to listen till the sound dies away; then he flings his stake into the hedge and goes back again. His evil purpose have all been frustrated—the thought boy has baffled him at every step.

And now the little midshipman is at home; the joyful meeting has taken place; and when they have all admired his growth, and decided whom he is like, and measured his height upon the window frame, and seen him eat his supper, he begins to question him about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than any curiosity.

"Adventures," said the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sofa. "Why, ma, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day—or at least nothing particular."

"You came by the coach we told you of?"

"Oh, yes, papa, and when we got about twenty miles there came a beggar, while changing horses, and I threw down as I thought a shilling, but as it fell, I saw it was a sovereign. She was very honest and showed me what it was, but I didn't take it back, for you know, mamma, it is a long time since I gave anything to anybody."

"Very true, my boy," his mother answered, "but you should not be careless with your money, and few beggars are worthy of charity."

"I suppose you got down at the cross roads," said his brother.

"Yes, and went through the woods. I should have been here sooner, if I hadn't lost my way."

"Lost your way," said the mother, alarmed; "my dear boy, you should not have left the path after dusk."

"Oh, ma," said the little midshipman, with a smile, "you are always thinking

of danger. If you could see me sometimes, sitting at the jib-boom end, or across the main topmast cross-tree, you would be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"

"Well, my dear boy," she answers, "I do not want to be over anxious, and make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stay from the path for?"

"Only to catch a little owl, mamma; but I didn't catch it, after all. I got a roll down a bank and caught my jacket on a thornbush, which was rather unlucky. Ah, three large holes I see in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up again and got into the path, and asked at the cottage for some milk. What a long time the woman kept me, to be sure. I thought it would never come. But very soon after, Mr. —— drove up in his gig, and brought me on to the gate."

"And so, this account of your adventures being brought to a close," his father says, "we discover there are no adventures to tell."

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THE KINDERGARTEN.

Switzerland has led off in the true culture of the faculties through Pestalozzi; and Germany, through Froebel, has developed the scientific method of Pestalozzi in his effectual and winning educational arts. The Kindergarten is a great fact and a greater promise. It is a sign of the new education that is to train our boys and girls for the science and the art of common life. It means to restore the old paradise and to keep the devil out. Look upon that company of twenty or thirty boys and girls, who are under the guidance of an accomplished pupil of Froebel with her assistants. You find them at their lunch around two tables laughing and talking merrily as birds hop and chatter. Glance at the spacious and airy rooms, and you see little that looks like keeping school. There are flowers and pictures and birds, and everything that is pleasant and enlivening. Examining the cabinet of apparatus, and the specimens of work. You find in books, but here are geometric blocks of many kinds, paper and sticks for various tasks of the ready fingers and the restless fancy. Here are balls of all sizes for study and play, and the whole aim evidently is to lead the child to see nature and life for himself, and learn to know real objects instead of mere words. Now lunch is over, and a basket is brought in which holds what looks like a lump of ice covered with cloth. The cloth is taken off, and there is a large piece of clay for modeling. Squares of boards are distributed to the scholars, and the clay is divided among them in due proportion, with modeling sticks of the simplest form. The teacher asks of the scholars in turn, what they propose making, and they reply at once. One says, "I will make a plate;" another, "a basket;" another, "a house;" another, "a snake;" another, "some towels;" another, "a basket of flowers;" another, "a cake;" and so on to the last scholar. To work merrily they go, breaking out now and then in a cheery song, until, with quite different degrees of success, their work is done. The bird's nest, the basket of flowers and a few other things are quite pretty, while the house and men need some help from imagination to interpret their construction. But all are wide awake, and senses and fingers and thought and fancy are all astir. It is substantial education, and the foundation of wholesome labor and artistic training. This is an exercise that comes only once a week. This over it is time to rise from the work-bench and go to the more open room for more stirring movements, and for plays with motions and songs that represent the farm or garden or workshop, and carry joy and good will into every gesture and tone

The Middlesex County Journal.

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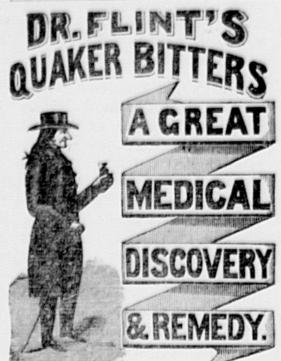
Vol XXII.

WOXBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

No 47.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine
supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Flowers and Cut Flowers furnished at short
notice.



Extracts of Roots and Herbs which almost
invariably cure the following complaints—
Dyspepsia. Heart Burn, Liver Complaint,
and all Diseases of the Liver, with a few bitters.
Laxative. Love Spots, and Sinking Sensa-
tion cured at once.

Erupcions. Pimples, Blister, and all impur-
ities, removed through the skin
otherwise, cured readily by following the direc-
tions on the bottle.

Urinary. Bladder and Urinary disor-
ders, not equal; one bottle will convince
the most sceptical.

Worms. Expelled from the system without
the least trouble, and two bottles are sufficient for
the most obstinate case.

Piles. All cured, and those called.

Serous Difficulties. Neuralgia, Headache,
&c., eased immediately.

Neurasthenia. Swelled Joints, and all Sero-
fatty Complaints removed or greatly relieved by
this invaluable medicine.

Bronchitis. Coughs, Convulsions, and Hydro-
cephalus.

Difficult Breathing. Pain in the Lungs, Side
and Chest almost invariably cured by taking a
few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

For One. can remain long unwell (unless afflict-
ed with an incurable disease) after taking a few
bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in
Medicines.

PREPARED BY
Dr. H. S. Flint & Co.,
of their Great Medical Depot 165 & 167 Broad
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For Sale by G. S. Dodge, Woburn; D. Dodge,
Arlington; L. G. Babcock, Lexington.

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Poetry.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Whist, sir! Would you please to speak aye
And sit ye down there by the fire?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the floor.

What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly
For months, and the heat drives her wild;

The Summer has wasted and worn her
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me!
I'd three little darlings beside.
As party as ye ever see, sir,
What was it you was droppin' like, and died?

What ails her? Well, sir, saints forgive me!
Why poverty, aye, and no doubt!

They perished for food and fresh air, sir,
Like flowers dried up in a drought.

It was dreadful to lose them. Ah, was it!
It seemed like my heart strings would break,

But there's when wid want and we sorrow,
I'm thankful they're gone—for their sake.

Their father? Well, sir, saints forgive me!

It's a foul tongue that lowers it own!

But what ails the shrikes and the linnor,
I'd better be shrigged alone.

I do want to keep this wain? The darlin,
The last and the dearest of all!

Shure, sir, you're a father yourself, sir,
Or you wouldn't be askin' at all!

What is that? Milk and food for the baby!

A doctor and medicine free!

You're runnin' out all the sick children
And poor, tolin' mothers like me!

God bless you! aye thin that have sent you!

A new life you've given me, so,

Shure, sir, you're a doctor in the cradle!

What ails you? Milk and food for the baby?

Our mother's mercied! have pity, sir!

O, darlin' why couldn't you wait?

Dead! dead! an' why the hell in the dureway!

Too late! O, my baby! Too late!

Selected.

A Story for Parents.

Ten years ago it had been a neat cat-
tage; but time had been busy making
ravages which a careful hand had not re-
paired; for Stephen Randolph was al-
ways complaining of his poverty, and
how he should like to do this and that
if he only had the money, and himself
able. He had a large family, and it took
all the money he could spare, he said, to
keep his folks comfortable, without
spending any for show or luxury.

This particular evening was one in
early November, and Stephen Randolph
and his wife sat over the fire—the kitchen
stove—trying to keep warm. They had
not built a fire yet in either sitting room
or parlor, as in fact they seldom did all
winter long. It was too expensive, Mr.
Randolph said; and folks could be just
as happy, if they only thought so, in the
kitchen as in the parlor.

John Merrill, among others, was at
the fire, and his were among the most
effective hands in subduing the flames.
After all was over, and Randolph was
wondering how he should pass the night
there, Merrill said to him:

"I say, neighbor Randolph, bring your
wife and children over to my house till
you get righted a bit. We have an extra
bed or two, and can stow you away
somewhere, until you repair damages
to your mother's house."

Randolph hesitated a moment, and then
accepted the offer; so Dick was left
to look out for himself, and the others
went to join Merrill's cottage, which
had been built in much the same style
and time as Stephen Randolph's, but
about which were none of the unthrifty
marks which marred the appearance of the
other.

There was a glowing fire in the parlor
grate, to which room the unfortunate
neighbors had at once been taken, and
part of the family had been gathered
there, and part in the sitting room. Neat
chaste pictures adorned the walls, noticeable
among which were one or two of
Prang's beautiful chromos, which have
done so much to make American homes
attractive, and to give art a new birth
and a genuine impetus in our practical
Yankee land; and everything in the wise
Ruler of the universe. At any rate, it
was not long before news of the reformation
of Stephen Randolph's home, came
to the ears of one who at that fireside
was not known to be in existence; and
when I took any interest in farming,
I hated him worse than ever after; and
when he got through a talkin' ter Jack,
and come and set down on the set-
tee where I was busy patching Jack's
oversat's, I wished her goodness one on
us had the cost of invisibility. I'd read
about the fairies; and I wouldn't make
no sort of conversation with him, but
just said "yes" and "no." And when
I told him there wa'n't nothin' more
hateful ter me; and—"

"I knew you'd be pleased to see him
again," said the deacon, teetering ter me. "A
thing of beauty is a joy forever," the poet
tells us; and he picked you out in meetin'
among all the other girls, and asked
who had den him.

"He, ha!" laughed the deacon, "Elisha
hain't got no beauty to spare, but he
makes it up in faculty."

It wasn't long after this, when the dea-
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Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers' names on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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TOWN MEETING.

About ninety persons constituted the meeting of last week Friday, when the clerk called it to order, and proceeded to read the warrant.

Under Art. 1, Mr. Horace Conn was chosen Moderator.

Art. 2. The joint report of the Selectmen and School Committee was the subject matter of this article, and without waiting for the formality of presenting the report, Major Bancroft moved its adoption and acceptance.

Mr. Mark Allen liked some portions of the report, and disliked some. It was partly report and partly argument. He moved that the first 17 lines be considered the report. They read as follows:

To the citizens of Woburn, in Town Meeting assembled:

In conformity with a vote of the Town at a meeting held on the 15th of July, instant, the Board of School Committee, and the Board of Selectmen, in convention, for this purpose, to the amount of forty thousand dollars, for a period of twenty years, at a rate of interest not exceeding seven per cent, per annum, to be called the "School House Loan," to be authorized the interest on which to be provided for by a special appropriation each year.

The amendment was accepted.

Maj. Bancroft explained the Cedar street question, showing that although the town did vote to build at a cost of \$3000, it omitted to state how the money was to be raised, and the School Committee declined to proceed without funds. The report was commended by the speaker for its clearly expressed views.

At this point a breeze was raised by Rev. Mr. Townley, who quietly informed the meeting that the report had not as yet been presented by the Committee, and that all the talk was out of order. This was discussed at length by various gentlemen.

Mr. Parker now renewed his motion favoring the rights of our foreign born citizens, who by honest industry and hard work, and by a law abiding spirit, had laid by somewhat of their earnings and had sent their children to our schools. These parents and these children had rights which should be looked to and respected.

In reference to the remark that this was a prolific town, he admitted it, and furthermore stated that if the town would furnish school rooms, they the people would furnish the scholars.

For some time parliamentary sparring was the order of the day, and after innumerable calls to order, requests not to speak more than 100 times, and intricate motions with still more intricate amendments, Mr. Townley moved that all pending motions be voted on the table, which was carried, and then in behalf of the committee he offered the report and moved that it be received by its title, which was also adopted.

Maj. Bancroft's motion to accept and adopt was now taken from the table, and the amendments were renewed. Discussion promised to last until dark when some one moved the previous question, and the meeting voted to act at once upon the main question.

Mr. Parker said it was far from his intention to insult the Committee collectively or individually. He was opposed to a large building committee. With large committees there is no way of fixing responsibility, and neither the Committee nor the Town will be satisfied with the work. He believed the Selectmen were well qualified for the work, and if the School Committee or a teacher desired anything put in, undoubtedly their wishes would be met. He made his motion for the Selectmen, because in Arts. 3 and 4 they were named, and he had no option, and in taking up Art. 2, he had adopted the same phraseology.

Major Bancroft moved to amend, by making the committee consist of the chairman of the Selectmen, chairman of the School Committee, and Hon. J. G. Pollard.

Mr. Parker accepted the amendment.

Other amendments were offered adding to the committee, but the mover refused to accept them. Another stormy scene ensued, in which Mr. Whitely, Major Bancroft and George Thompson lifted up their voices in vigorous denunciation of each other. The previous question was moved, the moderator made his usual muddle, and the amendments were ignored, except the one accepted by the mover, and the motion was carried.

Art. 5 was taken up, and the Selectmen authorized to sell the Cedar street and East Woburn school houses.

Under Art. 6, the treasurer was authorized to hire \$40,000 for 20 years, at not more than 7 per cent, to be used especially for the erection of new school houses.

Art. 7 was ushered in by a tumult of cries of "Mr. Moderator," but that gentleman gave the floor to Mark Allen. He commenced by reading extracts from the *Journal*, and seemed surprised at its close when a gentleman remarked "It's a good piece; I like every word of it," a sentiment which was heartily cheered.

Nothing daunted, however, Allen was bold to speak his piece.

He went into a detailed review of the situation, picturing vividly the scene when the staunch yeomanry, the bone and sinew of our people, came forward in their majesty, and voted for the by-law referred to in the article.

Said he: All of those respectable people who did this, are characterized as "the mob element" of Woburn, and I am the leader. —No one disputes this position with the speaker he proceeded: —All that is asked is simply justice. We ask that the wishes of the people expressed in that vote may be respected. It is an insult to the great mass of foreign born citizens, those men whose industry has made the town what it is.

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feet and now there are 30 feet rooms on each story. This is true economy for we shall need the room all in good time and the additional expense is not material.

BUILDING.—Mr. Eben Stone is building a new barn on East street which will be an ornamental building when completed. We believe he is intending to build a new house for his residence, near the barn. The location will be quite pleasant and will prove an addition to the neighborhood.

F. V. Butters has so far advanced his new house on Main street next his father's residence that he is to move in, in a short time.

Mr. James Crowley has been appointed flagman at the Hancock street crossing. Now that the railroad corporation have done something to protect the public at this place, let the public do its share by paying some attention to the signals. We say this because the flagman tells us that in one or two instances, drivers of carriages have persisted in crossing while a train was approaching, even after he had warned them verbally as well as by signal. The public must remember that if they persist in this sort of thing the corporation are not responsible for any damage.

RUNAWAY.—A few days ago Mr. A. Goddard left his horse in front of his store as usual, and while engaged in unpacking goods inside the building, the horse becoming uneasy started off at a walk. Proceeding as far as the town house he probably was frightened by the scream of the neighboring whistle and the walk was quickened into a run. As he passed the tenebrous party at Vine Brook he sheered to one side and deposited a stove which was in the wagon, breaking it slightly. Arriving at Mr. Goddard's house in East Lexington he turned into the yard and stopped.

LAND SPECULATIONS.—For the past few weeks there has been considerable talk about the formation of a land company at East Lexington. Reports have credited the movement as having progressed so far as to have purchased large tracts of land. This they were to improve and commence building upon it. We are anxious to learn that these reports are nothing but reports. There is a large area of land in the east village which is properly managed in the hands of a good working company would return a fair profit to the company, and prove a lasting benefit to the town itself. Development of that kind in most cases pays, while the taxable property is increased and people are brought into town. What the Arlington Land Company are doing for that town, some such company should do for this.

RAILROAD.—Sunday last was a busy day for all workmen connected with the railroad. There were many finishing touches to be given. The depot was only started towards its resting place; side tracks were to go down; switches to be placed at different places; a depot supplied for Bedford and a variety of last jobs to do. The building movers accomplished their work as did the others. The depot was moved in all 50 feet, and a passage way cut through the upper end. For a temporary depot at Bedford a small building which had stood beside the tracks for some time was carried up on a platform car. The whistle screamed, the workmen shouted, everybody hurried hither and thither and the work went on. One thought seemed to actuate all, the road was to be opened on Monday. For some time affairs will be mixed, but when the grounds are cleared up and the depot is fixed, we shall all feel paid for the inconvenience.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—The Mrs. Reed mentioned in the paragraph below was formerly Mrs. Ryer who lived on Adams street, where Mr. E. Stone now resides. In the Supreme Judicial Court, before Judge Morton, last week Wednesday, a case was heard in which the complainant, Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, sought by injunction to restrain the removal of George Reed, her husband, from Concord, to certain real and personal property. The bill sets forth that the petitioner, who is the wife of George M. Reed, was possessed of certain real estate in Cambridge of the value of \$10,000, and also was the owner of sixteen shares of Boston and Maine Railroad stock, and that in December, 1871, her husband induced her to transfer all her property to Jacob Reed, a son-in-law of the husband. The reason assigned by the husband, as is claimed by the petitioner, was that he had been compelled to sue the petitioner for slander, and that she being sick and of feeble mind, believed the representations of her husband, though false as she now alludes to him, and transferred all her property to said Jacob, who gave back a joint estate of the same to the petitioner and her husband, retaining the fee for himself. Mrs. Reed now seeks to have the debt cancelled and the property reduced to her. The court, however, ruled that the petitioner, who testified that her husband induced her to sign the deeds of her property, that she couldn't read writing, and that after the conveyance was made, the two parties had a final understanding, so that she was compelled to leave him. The testimony was taken in writing, and the decision of the court is not yet given.

OPENING.—Middlesex Central R. Road, via Lexington and Arlington branch deposited. On Monday, Aug. 4th, the new line to Concord, was opened and Lexington became a way station. There were no particular formalities attendant upon the occasion, although the officers went up on the noon train and looked the road over. The party were shown about Concord in a quiet manner. At first a luncheon was taken with Mr. R. N. Rice, formerly president of the Middlesex Central R. R. Afterwards they visited the library building which cost about \$40,000, and is to be presented to the town by William Monroe Esq., of Concord. A tour of the town was made and then a dinner was furnished at the house of Geo. Keyes, Esq., president of the Middlesex Central R. R. It was a very nice affair. Among others present, we noticed Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, U. S. Senator, E. Bailey, president and William Ramsdell, director of the Wilton R. R. F. A. Crownfield, president, John B. Whislaw, supt., Gen. M. T. Donahue, car supt., B. L. & N. R. R., Col. John H. George, Concord, N. H., counsel for the Lowell R. R., Geo. E. Chamberlain, supt., Concord R. R., Peter C. Jones, Amherst, N. H., supt., B. L. & N. Express, John McNeil Esq., Concord, N. H., B. F. Clark, Chelmsford, ex-state senator, John A. Goodwin, P. M., Lowell Mass. The first train left Concord at 5:30 A. M., and then during the day as near the running time as possible. Of course there was a little delay on the down train, and then a train from Boston somewhat, which caused some little fretting. When everything is adjusted we shall get along nicely. As to the patronage from the towns above us, we imagine it will not be particularly large at first, but people will grow to think more of it, and in time the extension of this road which is destined to go beyond Concord will be a blessing to all the towns along its line.

IT SUCKS AN HOUR.—Two young lads, of the street Arab class, called into the store of our neighbor Hyde the other day, having a pony to invest in some toothsome article. After a general inspection of the array of sweets and sundry confidential communications, one broke out in a tone of decision that at once brought conviction. "Bill, buy a candy ball, it sucks an hour," and so they made the purchase, and retired to fully enjoy it in alternate sucks.—Newton Journal.

GENERAL.—A boy in Newton found a mail bag the other day, which had dropped from the postal car. He took the bag to Boston and delivered it at the Post Office. He lost a day's time, worth a dollar, and paid forty cents for his fares, and the generous Burt mailed him a dollar for his honesty. It costs forty cents to be honest in Newton.

Married

In Woburn, August 31, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. Franklin Barnes and Miss Annie E. Barnes, out of Woburn.

Died

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, August 31, Mrs. Mary L. Reed, aged 75 years, 5 months.

In Woburn, July 27th, Bridget M., daughter of James Maguire, aged 21 days.

In Malden, N. H., August 1st, cancer, Mrs. James P. Pease, formerly of Woburn, aged 74 years, 6 months.

In Lexington, July 29th, Margaret Kelley, aged 60 years, 6 months.

In Lexington, July 29th, Gertrude L., daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George L. Hinman, aged 1 month.

In Woburn, July 27th, Lillian, daughter of James and Lizzie White, aged 3 months, 3 days.

TERMS AND VACATIONS.

The school year will be divided into three terms, the first of which begins on Sept. 1st, the second on the first Monday after New Year's, and the third on the first Monday in April. The first term will be 12 weeks, the second 10 weeks, and the third 8 weeks.

The rate of tuition, including all departments, is \$75 per year. Board and room fees to be obtained by mutual consent.

L. B. RUSSELL & CO., Secretary of the Trustees, Woburn, July 31, 1873.

Co-partnership Notice.

The undersigned have this day formed a Co-partnership, under the firm name of RUSSELL, JOHN-SON & CO.

L. B. RUSSELL, L. T. JOHNSON, HIRAM JOHNSON.

Woburn, July 1st, 1873.

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Mortgagors' Sale of Real Estate.

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The Middlesex County Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. . . . JOURNAL BUILDING, 204 MAIN STREET. . . . TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Vol XXII.

WOXBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873.

No 48.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his greenhouse, a fine
supply of greenhouse Plants,
Birds and Cut Flowers furnished at short
notice.



Extracts of Roots and Herbs which almost in
variably cure the following complaints—

Eruptions. Heart Burn, Liver Complaints,
and Skin Diseases. Ulcers, Fissures, a few bottles
Eradicate. Low Spirits, and Sinking Sensa-
tions cured at once.

Eruptions. Pimples, Blisters, are all impor-
tive of the skin, and through the skin either
otherwise, cured readily by following the direc-
tions on the bottle.

Febrile. Bladder and Urinary disor-
ders, in all their forms, equal; one bottle will convince
the most sceptical.

Worms, expelled from the system without
the least pain, and a few bottles are sufficient for the
most obstinate case.

Piles, one bottle has cured the most difficult
case ever presented to the medical profession.

Nervous Distresses. Neuralgia, Headache,
&c., eased immediately.

Inflammation. Swelled Joints, and all Ser-
ious Inflammations, removed or greatly relieved by this
invaluable medicine.

Bronchitis. Coughs, Convulsions, and Hy-
drocephalus.

Different Breathing. Pain in the Lungs, and
Chest almost invariably cured by taking a
few bottles of Quaker Bitters.

Female Distress. Complaints peculiar to this invaluable
medicine, the Quaker Bitters.

Brain. Headache, Intermittent Fevers,
so prevalent in many parts of our country, com-
pletely eradicated by the use of the Quaker Bitters.

The Aged find in the Quaker Bitters just the
article to fit them, and to give them comfort
and ease for many years. It quickens the blood and clears
the mind, and paves the passage down the plane
of life.

No One can remain long unwell (unless afflict-
ed with an incurable disease,) after taking a few
bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in
Medicines.

PREPARED BY
Dr. H. S. Flint & Co.,
At the Great Medical Depot 105 & 107 Broad
Street, Providence, R. I.

For Sale by G. S. Dodge, Woburn; D. Dodge,
Arlington; L. G. Babcock, Lexington.

83
GROTON'S PASSENGER.

The day was drawing toward its close, chill and raw. Lake Village was almost
always gusty, but just now the wind was
having its own way more than usual, and
any passer through the long, bleak street
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the little water side tavern, might well
have been tempted by the bright fire and good
company inside the bar.

They were the usual afternoon passengers,
with the exception of one small, wily-
looking man, a stranger, who had stopped
to take a glass of something hot, and who at the moment, was evidently the
centre of the general interest.

"But what is it you know, anyhow,
stranger?" asked one of the group.

"Never you mind," answered the man,
"I know enough to shut up."

"I've come to give evidence in a trial
that comes off in your country town,"
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hundred miles a purpose to do it, and I'd
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"Is it the Sawyer trial, you mean?"
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"Yes, I do," she cried passionately,
never you think that, Joe Gorton, I
thought about it.

Poetry.

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

My father told me I break not,
If all should cease to be,
That gratitude forsakes not
The world eternally.

For me some pains did wring thee—
Thou didst in anguish sore;
Therefore with joy I bring thee,
This heart for evermore.

How oft mine eyes have streaming
That thou art dead, and yet
A many of the redeemed
Thee all their life forgot!

By love possessed and driven,
For us what hast thou done?
Yet is thy body riven,
And no one thinks thereon.

With love that's never shaken,
Thou standst by every man;
And if by all forsaken,
Such love must win the wrestle;

At last, they lost, they see;
Bitter weep, and nestle
Like children to thy knee.

I'm in my heart known thee—
Oh, do not let me go!
In my heart's enthrone thee
Till one with thee I grow.

My brothers, one day, will waken,
Look heavenward with a start;
Then sinking down, love-shaken,
Will fall upon thy heart.

—Scribner's for August.

Selected.

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"What good would that do?" said the
girl impatiently. "Kelley or some-
body else would be here to get you, if
you're the life worth against a fare? No,
it's you must take him, Joe, and then, if
any thing happens," sinking her voice to
a meaning whisper, "nobody but you
and me's the wiser."

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MIDDLESEX COUNTY JOURNAL SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873.

Middlesex County Journal

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscriber is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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3	2	2
3	2	2
3	2	2

HORN POND WATER.—We publish to-day the official terms upon which Woburn agrees to supply Winchester with water from Horn Pond. The figures are comparatively much more favorable for Winchester than appears on the face. Although the rates are the same as charged in Woburn, we shall, for a few years, be obliged to pay more for water from Horn Pond, than the citizens of Winchester. We have a large capital invested, and expect to do a large business on that capital, but, as an extensive, prosperous business is not built up in a day, we must be content to go slow, as the most favorable result is sure. We have the machinery and power to supply, and we are prepared to sell, large quantities of water to consumers in our immediate neighborhood, and there can be no doubt but that every gallon we can spare will, in a few years, be wanted for consumption in adjoining towns. Woburn will have a daily supply of from three to five millions of gallons of water to sell after providing for our own consumption and that of Winchester, and, as there will be plenty of customers beyond our own lines for all our surplus, it is evident that at no distant day our works must be comparatively as remunerative as those of Charlestown are to-day. Water has become a staple article of commerce, and being not over plenty in the immediate vicinity of Boston, the demand is likely to be more and more active each year, and the market value of such a vital commodity must increase *at pro rata* with the increase in consumption.

By the terms we offer, Winchester will be able to supply a much larger population than she now has at an outlay of only about \$60,000. That sum will lay main pipe to the extent of seven miles, and service pipe for about three thousand consumers. A water service of five thousand dollars, which is moderate for a population of three thousand, will give Winchester, at the discount offered by Woburn, twelve hundred and fifty dollars the first year. The interest on the capital invested, say \$60,000, at 6 per cent. is \$3,600, from which deduct \$1,200 received, and the deficiency in interest will be only \$2,450 on the amount of water service above established. All outlay beyond the \$60,000 for main and service pipe required at the start, will be simply for the extension of the necessary pipe, and as no extension need be made until water consumers increase enough to justify the expenditure, it follows that Winchester can at all times keep the capital invested, or, what is termed the plant, always within comparatively remunerating limits. The gap between revenue from water service, and the interest on the capital, will be quite small at the start compared with our deficiency, and it can never be larger than at the beginning, but must from the inevitable increase in income, become annually less. It will be years before Woburn can expect to get water as cheap as the same water rates, as we now propose to supply Winchester.

L. L. Whitney, Esq., thinks we misrepresented him in the report of the last Town Meeting. His recollection of his remarks are that he said, "The lower in the scale of being, the more prolific," and he says that "he did not mean, or have it in his mind, to apply that expression to the Catholic portion of the community, but simply to make a general statement of a well established fact, giving the gentleman who made a personal reference to him, the privilege to draw his own inference."

PROTESTANT BEER.—An Irishman at work in one of our village gardens, refreshed by his employer with what the latter called "Protestant beer," said "How do you like my Protestant beer?" said the boss. "Ah, then," said Pat, "If the Protestant religion was as good as the beer, be gorry, wouldn't I embrace it?"

COW TRADE.—We had always supposed that horse jockeys could beat the world on tricks of trade, but a cow trader we never heard of, takes the lead at present. Having a narrow cow to dispose of, he bought a calf, and, putting it with the cow, sold them together for a milch cow and calf.

FIXED UP.—Under the supervision of the baggage master, J. H. Foster, the grounds in front of the depot are assuming a better appearance than formerly. Posts are planted along the walk to the front door, which will prevent carriages passing inside the sidewalk, an improvement which pedestrians will appreciate.

BUILDING.—The Methodists have decided to build their church of wood, and will commence operations at early day. Mr. Dever, on the next lot has prepared the foundation, and will soon put up a wooden block on his land.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—Will be held at Worcester, on the 17th of September. The call will not be issued until after the 1st of September, and the caucuses will not occur until after that time.

ONLY A DREAM.—We have received from Green's Music Store a very choice song entitled "Only a Dream of Home," containing solo, duett and chorus. Any one liable to homesickness, should learn to sing this song.

COMING.—Chief Engineer Gilcreast has inspected the new hose carriage making at Manchester for our Department. He states that it will be shipped on Monday next.

SALE.—Minot J. Buckman has sold to his brother Austin Buckman his house on the street running from Highland to Mt. Pleasant for \$3000.

SEWER.—Workmen have been putting a well sewer on the corner of Main and Railroad streets.

Woburn and Winchester Water Boards.

At the request of the Water Commissioners of Winchester, a convention of the boards of Woburn and Winchester was held in Boston on the 8th inst. This meeting was in conformity with instructions to the Winchester Commissioners by a vote of their town. Having been informed that the proposition for a supply of Horn Pond water, submitted to the Commissioners of Woburn had been promptly answered, we have at the request of several citizens of Woburn and Winchester procured a copy for publication in anticipation of any official action on the part of the Water Commissioners of Winchester. A town meeting will doubtless soon be called, so that the citizens of Winchester can definitely dispose of this important question.

OFFICE OF THE WATER COMMISSIONERS.—Woburn, August 11th, 1873.

To the Water Commissioners of Winchester—GENTLEMEN:—At the convention of the board of Water Commissioners of Woburn, and the board of Water Commissioners, and of the citizens of Winchester, with the remark that the rates correspond with those in operation in all neighboring towns having either a high or a low water service, that is, by gravity and otherwise.

Very respectfully yours,
M. M. TIDD, Water Comm'r
E. W. HUDSON, of
N. J. SIMONDS, Woburn.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.—The Tenth Annual Fair of the New England Agricultural Society which begins two weeks from next Tuesday, promises to be the best ever given. The first was at Springfield, the second at Concord, N. H., the third at Brattleboro, Vt., the fourth at Providence, the fifth at New Haven, the sixth at Portland, the seventh at Manchester, and the eighth and ninth at Lowell. This year it will be held at Mystic Park, Medford.

Yours very respectfully,
D. N. SELLINGS,
M. A. HENRICK,
J. F. DWINELL.

At the convention you also submitted for the consideration of the Woburn Water Commissioners four direct and distinct propositions to which four direct and distinct answers were requested at the very earliest day possible.

Before proceeding to give our answers to these propositions we wish to state in reply to a paragraph in your communication, that no citizen of Woburn or Winchester has ever been authorized to say that the Woburn Commissioners "can and will" supply Winchester with water from Horn Pond *cheaper* than it can be procured from Turkey Swamp or any other source indicated. That is a matter which cannot be understood without the most favorable circumstances being demonstrated for years, perhaps never, and it is therefore beyond our province to promise what we have no power to perform.

Many of our citizens hold the opinion gained by inquiry, that you can and will supply Winchester with water *cheaper* than it can be procured from the territory granted by the last Legislature of the State.

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Will you, therefore, please make us in writing the proposition you have to offer, at the very earliest day possible, and very much oblige.

Yours very respectfully,
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The selection of Mystic Park is considered very fortunate, as it contains one of the best mile tracks in the country.

The Park embraces about forty acres of land, on which there are already built 138 box stalls for trotting horses, besides over 100 lock stalls and two or three large stables. To guard against obstructing the view of the track, the society has leased some six acres of ground between the present enclosure and the road to Charlestown, and on this the pens for cattle, sheep and swine will be built, while tents for the exhibition of poultry, agricultural implements and numerous other articles will also be pitched.

To the left of the entrance of the Park three acres of land has been secured, and large tents will be erected in which the exhibition of ladies' handiwork will form an important feature. On the opposite side of the road the society have obtained control of eight acres more, and this ground will be let out by the society for the erection of booths for refreshments, etc.

To accommodate the large number who will attend the fair, two places of egress from the park will be made, one leading on to the Medford turnpike and another to the main entrance to the park on the Winter Hill road.

The Boston & Lowell Railroad will have a temporary station at the Cambridge road crossing directly in front of, and but a few miles west from, the main entrance to the Park. It is probable that tickets will be sold in Woburn passing over the road and into the Fair, at reduced rates, as has been done when the show was at Lowell.

The show of cattle promises to be very extensive and many of the finest breeds will be exhibited. Among the prominent exhibitors we notice the name of J. R. Kendall & Co. of Woburn.

The display of horses will probably exceed that of any previous occasion, and will form one of the most interesting features of the exhibition. The premiums offered are very liberal and will attract the attention of owners of fine animals.

On the first day of the fair the Society offer a purse of \$250 for 3 minute horses and one of \$1500 for 223 horses. On the second day, a purse of \$500 for 231 horses, and one of \$300 for 240 horses.

On the third day, one of \$250 for 250 horses, one of \$250 for gents' driving horses to road wagon, and one of \$150 for running horses. On the fourth day a purse of \$500 is offered for 223 horses, and one of \$500 for 229 horses. In addition to these, purses are offered for horses, cattle, etc., to the amount of \$30,000.

The show of poultry is expected to be very large and to include the choicest breeds of fowls. For agricultural implements a large premium list is offered, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offer special inducements for articles calculated to benefit dumb animals and fowls.

Notwithstanding the heavy outlay in expenses and premiums, it has been decided to keep the admission fees at the old figure, namely: \$5 for life membership, all members having free admission during the fair, and 50 cents for a single admission, with 50 cents for a horse and carriage, while for seats on the handsome grand stand, which will comfortably accommodate 5000 persons, and which is roofed over, an extra charge of 20 cents for each person will be made.

Third. What discount will the Woburn Board make upon Woburn water rates, as now fixed, Winchester laying and maintaining all its street main and service pipe, placing and maintaining hydrants— to be used for fire purposes only—and enforcing rules and regulations similar to those governing water consumers in Woburn.

Answer. Twenty-five per cent. discount.

Fourth. Will the Woburn Board supply Winchester with Horn Pond water by meter, and upon what terms?

Answer. The Woburn Board will supply the inhabitants of Winchester with water from Horn Pond by metre, as the rate of one cent per one hundred gallons, provided such a process is practicable.

Answer. Twenty-five per cent. discount.

Third. What discount will the Woburn Board make upon the aggregate annual net income from water service in Winchester, the Woburn Board collecting the same according to the scale established for the supply of water to the inhabitants of Woburn?

Answer. The Woburn Board will supply the inhabitants of Winchester with water from Horn Pond by metre, as the rate of one cent per one hundred gallons, provided such a process is practicable.

Answer. Twenty-five per cent. discount.

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Answer. Twenty-five per cent. discount.

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Answer. The Woburn Board will supply the inhabitants of Winchester with water from Horn Pond by metre, as the rate of one cent per one hundred gallons, provided such a process is practicable.

Answer. Twenty-five per cent. discount.

in the centre or upon one side, and the balance of the space is decorated with walls partly pulled down, and rubbish. A rumor says that the Railroad Co. will probably want some of these large stones referred to. If so, their stay will be short.

RE A son of Mr. F. B. Hayes, came very near being party to an accident, last week, in attempting to cross the track when the cars were approaching. The horse was stopped, however, and the train rushed by within a few feet of him. This is a very dangerous crossing, and one at which, sooner or later, the chances predict an accident. It seems to us very queer that no one had the power to prevent the crossing of four streets in town at grade, Woburn, Hancock, Cross and Bedford. We trust the town may be spared the terrible lesson of accident. Let every one heed the signals of the flagman, and not invite danger by their own carelessness.

SAVINGS BANK.—That this institution has steadily increased in favor from the date of its organization till the present time, is a well known fact. But perhaps the exact amount of patronage it has received is not as well known. An official sends us the following:

The deposits show a very great increase this year over last. There were 1872 1873.
May, \$ 719 53 \$ 967 19
June, 1470 40 3068 21
July, 4673 50 7493 30
\$ 6690 43 \$ 15,365 70

This is a gain of 150 per cent, and the total deposits since the organization, June, 1871, amount to \$88,855 95.

When we commenced we thought we might get together \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year, but the exhibit very far exceeded our expectations.

I can trace where the bank has been the instrument in creating \$90,000 to \$35,000 of property—perhaps I should say, aiding it. But in its influence, it has done much more.

The motto of the officers of the Bank has been, and is now: "If you will build or improve, we want funds, come to us, and we will aid you."

FIRE.—Sunday evening, fire was discovered in the woods, upon what is known as "Buck's Hill," situated upon the farm of E. Stone. Its proximity to the new buildings of Mr. Stone, and Mr. G. W. Wright, made it assume a more serious aspect than it otherwise would have done. The neighbors rallied and worked until midnight, when they gained control of it. Different causes are asserted, but accident looks most plausible.

On Tuesday, a flying cinder from a locomotive ignited some peat in a meadow between Bedford and Hancock streets, and about two acres were burned over. The fire crept through the peat to some depth, and defied the efforts of the firemen for a long time.

SUNDAY SERVICE.—Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam, of Brooklyn, N. Y., occupied the pulpit at the Unitarian Church last Sabbath. His text was from Jeremiah xxiii, 28: "What is the chaff to the wheat?" The sermon was an application of the words of the prophet to the present day, its errors, its truths, its theories, dogmas, sects, and parties. The duty of the individual was to separate the chaff from the wheat in his choice of books, of friends, of belief. A well-drawn sketch of Horace Greeley and of Louis Napoleon was given to illustrate the difference between a life of usefulness, in which was much wheat, and a life which was a lie. Dr. Putnam is evidently conservative, and the radicals received a few gentle, but firm raps in the course of the sermon.

Rev. C. C. Vinal, of Maine, will preach to-morrow.

LEXINGTON TAX PAYERS.—The following persons pay a tax of \$100 and upwards:—

A. Adams, 116 40 C. Putnam, 499 19
C. Adams, 343 20 R. Pierce, 200 80
T. Brown, 100 41 R. P. Pierce, 200 00
W. A. Baker, 240 00 J. P. Pierce, 200 00
J. D. Bacon, 131 08 F. P. Patch, 115 00
J. G. Baker, 240 00 J. P. Palmer, 200 00
R. T. Bryant, 117 84 F. P. Palmer, 115 00
F. E. Baldwin, 119 44 F. P. Palmer, 115 00
J. N. Baldwin, 119 44 F. P. Palmer, 115 00
E. W. Baxter, 154 26 G. W. Robinson, 170 00
H. J. Bennett, 214 18 G. W. Robinson, 120 56
H. J. Bennett, 239 00 P. Ryan, 120 56
E. W. Bettinson, 200 00 J. C. Rogers, 120 56
R. D. Blinn, 642 10 J. C. Rogers, 120 56
Thomas Carter, 313 00 H. W. & J. H. Reed, 432 52
W. C. Carter, 200 00 H. W. & J. H. Reed, 432 52
A. Cottrell, 113 20 Hammon Reed, 600 02
Mrs. Mata, 678 10 Hammon Reed, 600 02
L. H. Cottrell, 113 20 Hammon Reed, 600 02
N. Chandler, 131 80 W. E. Russell, 120 56
L. J. Cottrell, 100 00 C. A. Richardson, 223 96
J. C. Davis, 101 00 C. A. Richardson, 223 96
J. E. Davis, 101 00 C. A. Richardson, 223 96
J. H. Davis, 101 00 C. A. Richardson, 223 96
H. H. Davis, 101 00 C. A. Richardson, 223 96
W. D. Duran, 218 00 Wm. Smith, 120 56
C. H. Estabrook & Blod-
get, 200 00 Wm. Smith, 120 56
N. Flint, 154 00 W. & W. B. 244 40
C. G. Fletcher, 167 00 J. S. Skinner, 167 00
J. H. Fletcher, 122 00 J. S. Skinner, 167 00
James Gamble, 105 00 J. S. Skinner, 167 00
Almon Goddard, 180 00 H. A. Stone, 401 04
C. G. Goodwin, 120 00 H. A. Stone, 401 04
C. H. Hartington, 258 00 T. Smith, 200 00
S. Harrington, 138 00 C. T. Smith, 200 00
E. H. Harrington, 138 00 C. T. Smith, 200 00
J. Hobart, 140 00 That-Is Tower, 120 56
H. Hobart, 131 00 That-Is Tower, 120 56
John Hudson, 136 00 Wm. Viles, 120 56
C. H. Hough, 120 00 Wm. Viles, 120 56
C. H. Hough, 212 10 B. Willis, 102 80
W. H. Hough, 212 10 B. Willis, 102 80
David Hall, 146 00 B. Willis, 102 80
W. Harding, 146 00 D. Winslow, 150 00
E. Hartings, 110 80 D. Winslow, 150 00
D. Hartings, 120 00 D. Winslow, 150 00
C. W. Johnson, 120 00 D. Winslow, 150 00
A. W. Johnson, 120 00 H. W. Wright, 150 00
Sidney Lawrence, 153 00 D. Winslow, 150 00
L. L. Lawrence, 153 00 D. Winslow, 150 00
M. H. Merriman, 501 28 Non-Residents,
P. Mitchell, 131 00 John Olson, 200 00
W. M. Olson, 131 00 John Olson, 200 00
J. S. Munroe, 382 00 F. Brown, 140 00
A. A. Munroe, 382 00 F. Brown, 140 00
G. Munroe, 410 00 F. Brown, 140 00
Alm' H. Miller's, 208 00 H. W. Slocum, 150 00
T. Miller's, 131 00 H. W. Slocum, 150 00
D. W. Munsey, 307 100 Thurston, 150 00
E. A. Mulligan, 130 00 H. B. Mulligan, 180 00
M. Mulligan, 130 00 H. B. Mulligan, 180 00
Julia Stetson, 141 00 son, 184 00
J. L. Norris, 185 00 K. W. Chapman, 122 00
M. O'Conor, 120 00 K. W. Chapman, 122 00
Parker, A. and E. P. Porter, 239 46
Abigail, 206 00 Silas Cutler, heirs, 122 00

Married
In Woburn, July 28th, by Rev. H. C. Townley,
Frederick Atte Lyman, and Miss Minnie Louisa
Vye, all of Woburn.

Died.
Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Aug. 15th, Joshua Stoddart, aged
so years, 2 months, 19 days. Funeral at the Unitarian
Church, Sunday, at 3 P. M. Friends and
relatives invited to attend.

In Woburn, Aug. 15th, Bridget McGrath, aged
60 years.

In Lexington, Aug. 9th, Alpheus S. Kennard,
aged 82 years; 1 month
In Lexington, Aug. 15th, Michael Crowley, aged
60 years.

In Lexington, Aug. 15th, Frank Lincoln, young
son of John Lincoln, and the late John Davis,
aged 2 years, 2 months.

BUEL & FLINT,
130 Main street, Woburn.
PLUMBERS,

Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,
AND DEALERS IN

Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe,
Asphaltum, Galvanized
Iron, Potomac Drain,
Soil, Iron and Lead
Pipes, Copper
Boilers, Bath
Faucets, &c.

GAS FIXTURES,

BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.

WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street
as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hy-
drants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE
BEST MANNER.

A Splendid Sabbath School Book!

RIVER OF LIFE.

River **Life**

Verily a River of
Milo's and
Dobson's
in bright, sing-
ing, and
singing, which the
Sabbath School children
and boys and girls will not
need much to learn to
appreciate. As in our
Sabbath School
Book, the "AMERICAN
CAMP TIME BOOK"
—many well-known writers of Sabbath
School Music, the very best in the
best, and the
works of our new and
popular Sabbath
School Books
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PELTON &
BROWN &
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River **Life**

It Success cannot be Doubt.

EDT SEND ORDERS EARLY.

PRICE \$100 per 100
Sample copies 30 each. Sent post paid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 144
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, N. Y.

CHURCH ORGAN

AT AUCTION.

WILL be sold at the Auction, at the Episcopal
Church, Woburn, on Saturday, August 20, 1873, at 10 o'clock, P. M., unless previously sold
at private sale, the PIPE ORGAN formerly in use
at the AMERICAN CAMP TIME BOOK

—many well-known writers of Sabbath
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EDT SEND ORDERS

"Darkness," or one more Chance.

It was a grand affair—the new organ of Christ's church—and I felt myself only second in importance, in being elected organist. "Mine," I said, as I jingled the keys, and stood looking up at the immense gilt pipes; "mine to educate as I choose; mine, it must have no will of its own; it must speak my thoughts, interpret my ideas, adopt my moods, rejoicing when I rejoice, and weeping when I weep. Mine, its soul is in my keeping, but," addressing it, "you'll find me very gentle with you, very tender of you: you shall never lack appreciation, you shall never want caresses," and then the old spirit returning, "you are mine, mine, nevertheless." Sliding on to the bench, and pulling the stops, I pressed the keys, "H'm," said the Deacon, batting with his oaken stick's scrap of paper that lay upon the floor, "I suppose, Harry, you will take a turn at the new organ tomorrow—a pretty fine instrument, Harry—pretty fine, and no mistake." I was only in compliance with a sudden impulse that I sat down to play that morning, for it had not been my intention—I had only stolen in for a look, and had provided no blower. I forgot this, however, as in my eagerness I pressed the keys, and listened expectantly for the burst of music. But there was no sound, and pulling more stops, I changed the chord.

"He! he!" laughed a cracked little voice, and the great church, forgetting its dignity, echoed, "he! he!"

I turned, and encountered two lights shining out like beacons from a dreary coast; next I observed that there wasn't much coast, and what there was lay low. It moved a little nearer, and then I saw a cavern in this dreary place, full of bones, bleached and gleaming; I noticed, too, a peculiar kind of sea-weed, crisp and brown, growing on the highest cliff. And just here I was a bit startled, for I observed the whole landscape was undergoing changes. I saw, also, in the uncertain light of the church, that the distance between us was growing less. "Can I be moving?" I asked myself, and my eyes wandered to the organ; there it was grand—as ever, and I—only a little less grand—was there, too, with my hands on the keys. I turned again to review this strange scene. How I had been sold! I must have been "nervous" that morning, as my wife says in explaining any little timidity that she has manifested, for within hand's reach of my stool—const and all—a veritable little negro, oh, so diminutive, and so black.

"Out of breath," said Ebony. "Can't sing, can't talk! He, he! Your organ, mar's? Yours?"

"Mine."

"Spect mar's berry smart wid his fingers?" inquiring.

"Oh, so," complacently. "But," imitating the manner of playing, "so, so, don't make music," and he chuckled to himself. "P'r' little dark," looking down at his old-shaped hands, "one finger done gone; one j'int nowhere; two cuts, two smash, but no 'so so!'" P'r' little dark," deprecatingly but with a twinkle in his eye; "Mar's, I 'spect dis darkey duuno suffa much; His name is Darkness," said I fondly, looking at this name he was to the Deacon unknown. My hopes were in vain, however. The Deacon's face flushed; he set his cane down heavily upon the floor, and he laughed again. "Your organ, my bref—eh, mar's?"

He had the advantage of me and he knew it. I changed the subject.

"What's your name, sir?" I asked, pleasantly.

"Darkness," mar's," with a grin and a bow.

"Your father's name?"

"Andrew Jackson, mar's. Lor' I most done forgot," said he, starting for the door.

"Hold on, Darkness, you're an awful little fellow," musingly. "Are you very strong?"

"Oh, berry, mar's berry!"

"How much will you sell you breath for the year?"

"Oh, mar's if you only would." The entire expression of his face changed; I saw there was a shiver rising on the coast, and therefore spoke hurriedly:

"All right, Darkness, Saturday night at half past seven; good bye."

"Good bye, mar's, I 'spect ole man's child am berry happy," and unable to say another word, he darted away, while I closed the organ, locked the church door, and walked silently homewards, thinking how little it requires to make some natures happy.

It was Saturday morning. I sat in the office of the *Daily Pioneer*, scribbling editorials for said newspaper, and wondering, when the present idea should be registered, where I should obtain another, when the office door was suddenly thrown open, admitting Deacon Simons, a prominent member of Christ's church, who, after accosting me with a "How d'y'e do, Harry," took off his hat, wiped the perspiration from his brow, crowded himself into an armchair, and began to look around the room, as though that were the chief purpose for which he came. I completed my editorial by bridging it; carried it to the youngest of capacious lungs, who had several times that morning shouted copy, returned to my desk, and buried myself in arranging the papers scattered upon it.

"Well, Deacon," said I, "how does the world use you, and what's the news down your way? How's Uncle Bates?"

"He's muddin' Harry, muddin'," responded the Deacon, to my last inquiry. "We're all pretty well, sir, and the world goes fairly—she goes fairly, Harry."

To the old gentlemen in X—, who knew me when I was a boy, I'm never anything but "Harry," they never look upon me as any other than a stripling, and though at that time I was boss of the *Pioneer*, and received a salary quite sufficient for all my needs, I was taught to regard it as a streak of good luck, than as the result of real worth, and often reminded that my success as editor, was owing not to my brains—quality or quantity—but simply to the wonderful confidence I possessed in my own mind to do the work. I don't mind the "Harry," of course; but it vexes me—she is my wife—but "Harry," they never look upon me as any other than a stripling, and though at that time I was boss of the *Pioneer*, and received a salary quite sufficient for all my needs, I was taught to regard it as a streak of good luck, than as the result of real worth, and often reminded that my success as editor, was owing not to my brains—quality or quantity—but simply to the wonderful confidence I possessed in my own mind to do the work. 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Vol XXII.

WOBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

No 49.

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Herbets and Cut Flowers furnished at short
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the article they stand in need of in their declining
years, and the Quaker Bitters will cure the mind,
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MIDDLESEX COUNTY JOURNAL SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

The High School Building is nearly ready for occupancy and we are authorized to say that it will be ready for inspection on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week. It is hoped that the people will avail themselves of this opportunity and so be able to judge for themselves whether or not they have got their money's worth. The entrance to the new part is had by a flight of three granite steps and through heavy doors, opening outward, to the porch. From this two more doors open outward, giving passage into the vestibule, and up five steps to the corridor which leads through to the old house. Three doors open on each side of the corridor, the first on the right opening into a clothes room 5 by 15, which is connected with a school room 47x34 out of which two doors open into the corridor. Back of the school room is the teacher's room, 10x25. In this is a marble sink, and in the entry a soap stone sink, into which, and all over the building is carried the Morn Pond water pipes. On the left the rooms are the same. Entering the old part and ascending the stairs, the second door of the new part is gained, and a second corridor is entered, out of which open two school rooms, the size of those below. At its end, or in the front of the building, are three rooms. The central one will be used by the Committee and the Superintendent. The northernly one for books and school material, of which a stock valued at \$800 is constantly on hand. The southerly room will be used by the principal of the school. In the third story is the hall, which will seat 500. This is supplied with settees. Here the whole school will assemble morning and afternoon, and after the opening exercises, the four teachers will take the scholars to their several rooms. The old part will be used for special studies. In the basement is a very superior laboratory. The visitor on entering will observe at the right a glass case, technically called a "hood," in which chemical experiments which evolve poisonous gases will be performed. The tables are supplied with soapstone sinks, and covered with porcelain; gas and water pipes are also run on. Here experiments in chemistry and natural science will be performed. Another room in the rear is similarly fitted with the exception of the sinks, and will be used for scientific analysis. This department is the best equipped of any school laboratory in the vicinity. It is very evident that our Committee are determined that the Woburn High School shall take high rank as an advanced institution of learning, and all that can reasonably be asked for seems to have been provided. The citizens of Woburn may be proud of their High School.

MUSTER.—Colonel Walter Everett's general order No. 19, which has just been promulgated, provides that the companies of the Fifth regiment shall report through their commanders to the adjutant at the station in South Framingham at 10 o'clock, on the morning of Sept. 23, in heavy marching order; that each company shall provide its own transportation; that the field, staff, line and non-commissioned officers and musicians shall provide themselves with white pants, and that the camping party of a quartermaster sergeant and six men from each company shall report to Lieut. James C. Melvin on the ground on the morning of the 1st.

WATER WORKS.—The work of closing up the various departments is no slight matter. Omissions not noticed before are discovered and remedied, hundred trifles which contribute to the success of the enterprise have to be looked after, and the work of the managers and employees, as it approaches completion, is abundant and perplexing. The Commissioners, however, still are sanguine that they will furnish water by the 1st of September.

THROWN OUT.—About eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, two of our townsmen were driving to Winchester in an open buggy. The street light at the corner of Summer street, did not penetrate very far into the darkness under the shade trees, and they had not proceeded very far, when a fast driver with a fast horse, came up on the wrong side of the road, and ran against their buggy, throwing out the occupants, injuring one of them quite seriously. The fast man stopped, and inquired what was to pay; but nothing was broken, and they went their ways. Moral—drive slowly when you cannot see far ahead, and keep to the right as the law directs.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse, Aug. 19, Albert H. Simonds of Wilmington, assault, \$15 and costs, and \$200 recognizance, Aug. 18, Samuel H. Greenleaf and John Kavanagh, drunk, \$3 and costs each. Thomas Gibbons of Winchester, malicious mischief, \$10 and costs, Aug. 19, Stephen Frye of Wilmington, common drunkard, 3 months in House of Correction. Aug. 18, William Dunn of Woburn, assault upon his wife, \$20 and costs, \$200 recognizance, Grace Doherty, single sale of intoxicating liquor, \$10 and costs, and \$1000 recognizance. Aug. 20, Rufus Smith, \$1000 a bond against the By-Laws of the town, \$1 and costs.

PURCHASE.—The Town has purchased the Ayers Place, and also enough of the Jephtha Caldwell, estate on Warren street adjoining the Ayers place to square the school house lot which will then have a front on Main street and on Warren street of 160 feet each, and a depth of 250 feet. The school house will have two fronts, one on each street, of 80 feet, and a depth of 64 feet, two stories and Mansard roof. The Warren street entrance will be at grade, and the ground on the Main street side will be terraced. The lot and building when completed will be an ornament to the town.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received Green's Woburn Polka, dedicated to Dr. Lang, in which we referred last week. It is a pleasing polka, and no doubt will become popular. 35 cents buys it, and No. 6 Railroad street is the place to get it.

NURSERY.—The September number is out, and its host of little readers are again happy with their favorite. This periodical is so admirably adapted to its purpose that it may safely be said there is no home where children are, that will not be happier if the *Nursery* is among its regular visitors.

BEGUN.—Workmen commenced on the Dever's building on Thursday. The carpenters commenced on Dever's building the same day.

COLLISION.—An express team collided with Connolly's wagon Thursday evening and did slight damage.

STOLEN.—One of the carpenters on Dever's building had his coat stolen while at work on Thursday.

CHANGE.—The Republican State Convention is to be called for the 10th of September, as the hall at Worcester is engaged for the whole of the following week.

CONCRETE.—The Catholic church yard is being concreted by Mr. Bates. The space between the church and the street was done a year ago, and now it is extended along the side of the building.

JURORS.—The Selectmen on Thursday drew as jurors to the Superior Court at Lowell, Mark Downs and Ruel Carter.

FIRE APPARATUS.—The new horse hose carriage for the Fire Department arrived on Wednesday, and was received by the Perham Hose Company with due honors, they celebrating the event with a dance in their hall in the evening. The carriage was built at Manchester, and will carry 900 feet of hose. It is well constructed and tastily painted. The reel has a crank on each side to be used in taking on hose, and a brake connects with the driver's seat so that he can stop the paying out at discretion. Capacious boxes under the seat and on the hind axle contain spanners and ropes. An ax and iron bar are rigged on the sides. Under the driver, and working with a spring in the footboard, is a large gong. The sides of the driver's box, bear miniature landscapes and the front has a fine specimen of figure drawing, surmounted with the words "Perham Hose." On the stern box is painted the word "Woburn." The lanterns are quite ornamental, and the figure "1" is ground into the glass. Two hose pipes stand on cores behind the driver's seat. The carriage is arranged for one horse, and was put on duty last Thursday morning.

The old hand hose carriage is to be overhauled and thoroughly repaired, painted and put in good shape. This will take three or four weeks, and when done it will be placed in the new engine house on Green street, and a company raised to run with it. From this two more doors open outward, giving passage into the vestibule, and up five steps to the corridor which leads through to the old house. Three doors open on each side of the corridor, the first on the right opening into a clothes room 5 by 15, which is connected with a school room 47x34 out of which two doors open into the corridor. Back of the school room is the teacher's room, 10x25. In this is a marble sink, and in the entry a soap stone sink, into which, and all over the building is carried the Morn Pond water pipes. On the left the rooms are the same. Entering the old part and ascending the stairs, the second door of the new part is gained, and a second corridor is entered, out of which open two school rooms, the size of those below. At its end, or in the front of the building, are three rooms. The central one will be used by the Committee and the Superintendent. The northernly one for books and school material, of which a stock valued at \$800 is constantly on hand. The southerly room will be used by the principal of the school. In the third story is the hall, which will seat 500. This is supplied with settees. Here the whole school will assemble morning and afternoon, and after the opening exercises, the four teachers will take the scholars to their several rooms. The old part will be used for special studies. In the basement is a very superior laboratory. The visitor on entering will observe at the right a glass case, technically called a "hood," in which chemical experiments which evolve poisonous gases will be performed. The tables are supplied with soapstone sinks, and covered with porcelain; gas and water pipes are also run on. Here experiments in chemistry and natural science will be performed. Another room in the rear is similarly fitted with the exception of the sinks, and will be used for scientific analysis. This department is the best equipped of any school laboratory in the vicinity. It is very evident that our Committee are determined that the Woburn High School shall take high rank as an advanced institution of learning, and all that can reasonably be asked for seems to have been provided. The citizens of Woburn may be proud of their High School.

ACCIDENT BY A LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.—At three o'clock, Saturday afternoon, Mr. W. W. Fretch of "Change avenue," who resides in Winchester, was driving his horse and buggy through Greenwood, and had just crossed the railroad track, when the whistle from the locomotive attached to the Newburyport express train so frightened the horse that he became unmanageable, and making a jump cleared himself from the buggy and dashed off to the woods, where he was found after two or three hours' search. Mr. Fretch was thrown violently to the ground and considerably though not seriously injured. He was picked up and taken to the residence of Mr. B. G. Dunbar, near the railroad, where he recuperated, and his broken harness being patched up he drove home. Neither the horse nor buggy were injured. *Herald.*

CONVENTION.—The basis of representation at the approaching Republican State Convention is the same as heretofore, one delegate from each town or ward of a city and an additional delegate for each 200 votes, or majority fraction, cast for Gen. Grant in 1872. The new tabulated statement of the v. c. and delegates, just issued by the Secretary of the Committee, will be a full convention will number 1,101, apportioned as follows:— Barnstable county, 27; Berkshire, 29; Bristol, 84; Dukes, 7; Essex, 151; Franklin, 40; Hampden, 63; Hampshire, 48; Middlesex, 201; Nantucket, 3; Norfolk, 70; Plymouth 59; Suffolk, 110; Worcester, 170. The convention of last year, based on the vote of 1868, numbered 1,127 delegates, 26 more than on the slightly smaller vote of last autumn. By counties, the only gains are Barnstable, 27; Essex, 151; Franklin, 40; Hampden, 63; Hampshire, 48; Middlesex, 201; Nantucket, 3; Norfolk, 70; Plymouth 59; Suffolk, 110; Worcester, 170. 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is nevertheless a well wrought Russian story of the manners, customs, and thoughts of that interesting people. There is a freedom of expression not often to be found in books of this class. It is as a plot exceedingly well managed; the characters well finished, well drawn and true to the life.

The Prophets of the Hour. By Nahum Gale, Hard and Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Contents of this neat little work, will give the keynote to the whole. In the first chapter is given a very interesting account of the Priests of the sons of Aaron. This description transports one back for many years to the place and period when the Altar of incense stood before the veil which separated the Holy of Holies, from the Holy Place. We here behold Zacharias, raising himself up in amazement at the announcement of the angel to him of the "future child of promise," the Prophet of the Highest.—II. The Desert. Training; III. The Preacher of repentance; IV. The Baptism of Jesus; V. The Testimony of John to Jesus; VI. John, an Atoner, and at the Court of Herod; VII. John in Prison; VIII. The Martyrdom of the Baptist; IX. The Testimony of Jesus to John. This book deserves a place in every library in the state, a place in every family.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH for September S. R. Wells, No. V.

Punctual as usual and a right valuable number is the Monthly truth-teller. The information herein is forth to the paper is better than if followed out than pounds of regular "dead stuff," and tons of "quack nostrums." Be a true "Homeopath" and consult nature's laws, read this valuable work and live a good many years and do all the good you can in the world. Obedience to the laws of health will amply repay any one for paying the full price of this number.

OLD NEW ENGLAND TRAITS. By George Lunt, Hard and Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge.

We seem to hear George Lunt talk again when we take up his "Old New England Traits." It is one of the pleasantest as well as facinating books of history that we have made for some time. Mr. Lunt was always considered a good story teller, and possesses in an eminent degree, the happy faculty of always saying the right word in the right place. No book gives greater evidence of their power than the one before us.

HOME WANTED FOR TWO AMERICAN BOYS.

One of the boys is 2 and the other 5 years old. They are healthy, strong, and in full possession of sickness to afford them support. The boys are offered for adoption to any one willing to assume responsibility. Apply at the *Journal* office for further particulars.

A. CHAPIN.
Examining Surgeon.

WANTED!

A situation as seamstress or dressmaker by a young woman of respectability.

Apply at the house of GEO. R. BALDWIN, Elm Street, No. Woburn.

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A Lot of Nice Second Hand FURNITURE FOR SALE.

AT
TOWN HALL, WOBURN.

Consisting in part of the following:

1 Nice Library Table, black walnut, covered with billiard cloth,

4 Parlor Chairs,
4 Library Chairs,

1 Easy Chair,

2 Bedsteads,

4 Mattresses, (Husk)

3 Springs, for beds,

1 Three-drawer Bureau,

1 French Bedstead,

1 Looking Glass,

Lot of extra quality Straw Matting, &c., from the Congregationalist Preacher in Winchester, who has left that place for Europe.

150

LOST!

Wednesday Morning on Main Street, A LAVA SLEEVE BUTTON, with gold rim, The finder will be rewarded by leaving it with

150
CHAS. P. FOULKE.

Asian Cholera in China.

Almost every Case Cured with

PAIN-KILLER.

(From Rev. R. Telford, Missionary in China.)

DEAR SIRS.—During a residence of some ten years in China, I have never seen a case of Asian Cholera, and a most valuable remedy for that fearful scourge, the Cholera.

In administering the medicine, I found it most effectual to give a teaspoonful of Paine-Killer, in a glass of hot water sweetened with sugar; then, after about fifteen minutes, begin to give a small quantity of the same, in which the medicine will be obtained. Apply hot applications to the extremities. Bathe the stomach with the Paine-Killer, clear, and rub the limbs briskly. Of those who had the Cholera, and those the medicine faithfully in the way stated above, eight out of ten recovered.

DEAR SIRS.—I ought to have acknowledged, going ago the box of Paine-Killer you had the goodness to send us last year. Its coming was most providential. I believe hundreds of lives have been saved by the use of this medicine, and that eminent musicians have made overtures to join his new organization. The Twenty-second has agreed to give the new band one of the most elegant uniforms in the country. During the year Gilmore will give two grand balls at the Academy of Music and twelve promenade concerts at the armory. With Gilmore the corps expects to take the front rank among the New York troops.

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ESQ.—The Framingham *Gazette* speaking of the late master, says—

It is the opinion of many of our citizens that, had the State been as vigilant in their efforts for higher education, the country might have made a good deal more progress in the last few years.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S WORK.

There are three things, Sidney Smith said, which every fairly well educated gentleman thinks he could do without difficulty, namely—farm a small property, preach a good sermon and edit a newspaper, and we verily believe the wit was right.

As to the editing of a newspaper, doesn't every reader who has never tried it, know perfectly well that he could do it much better than it is done? A good many think so certainly, as every editor finds out by letter regularly every week. We said in describing Drontheim cathedral not long ago, that the new king and queen of Norway and Sweden would go up there shortly to receive the Norwegian crown, as they had already received that of Sweden in Stockholm. Straightway a man writing from Texas, over the signature of "Norwegian," urged us to read a little on geography and history, assuring us that we would thereby learn that Christians is the present capital of Norway (which we knew) and that the king and queen of Sweden and Norway are never crowned as kings and queens of Norway at all; a fact which we did not know, and one concerning which we confess ourselves even yet incredulous, inasmuch as the new king and queen actually did very soon afterwards, go up to this Drontheim cathedral, and were there crowned with the crown of Norway, precisely as we had said they would be.

A person once connected with this paper, continued after leaving it to contribute articles to complete a series already begun, and we had several letters telling us that the *imitation* was decidedly a failure; and when the series was completed, these people wrote to tell us how glad they were, because the paper was too excellent as a whole to make this kind of imitation by one writer of another writer's style acceptable. Whereat we laughed. Mr. M. M. Ballou, late editor of the *Boston Globe*, used to tell it as an excellent joke that people thought Ballou's *Pictorial Drawing Room Companion* a great failing off from its predecessor *Gleason's* ditto, ditto, although the change of names was the only change made, the editorial management remaining precisely the same and the corps of writers continuing unchanged.

All these things are very natural. Every man's work seems easier to every other man than his own does, simply because in doing his own he learns what its conditions and limitations and difficulties are, while of other people's tasks, he sees only the result and its real or fancied imperfections. "Sculpture is the easiest thing in the world," said a grocer one day. "You have only to take a chisel and cut away all the marble you don't want." Most people know rather more than he did about the work of a sculptor; but the things we know nothing or next to nothing about, always seem easy to do, and often seem to us very badly done, when in fact the performance we criticize is an excellent one it could only know the conditions under which the expert does his work. We were once going down the Ohio River when the water was very low, and the utmost skill of the pilot was necessary to keep the boat off the bars. The channel was very dubious, as it always is in that river during low water, and the boat was winding about in all directions, a circumstance which appeared to annoy a particularly knowing passenger. Finally he turned to the captain and said: "Captain, what do you pay that man up there for twisting this boat around in that ridiculous way?" "Two hundred dollars a month," replied the captain. "Well, I'll tell you what I can do," said the wise one, "I can find you plenty of men where I came from, who will steer your boat right straight down the river for you, at fifty dollars a month, and be glad to get the job at that!" We know the conditions under which the pilot did his work, laughed, as we were entitled to do; but after all there was not one of us perhaps, who had not at one time or another, given vent to equally raw criticism upon matters concerning which we were imperfectly informed.—*Hearth and Home*.

A BRAKEMAN'S DREAM.—"Ed" is a brakeman employed on the Chicago, Atlantic and St. Louis Railroad. He was married only a few weeks ago. His wife has been wearing a piece of red flannel around her neck for the last ten days, and complaining of a wry neck. This is how it came to pass:—"Ed" had just been doing extra duty, taking a sick friend's train in addition to his own, and had not been in bed for forty-eight hours. As a matter of course, he was nearly worn out, and as soon as his supper had been eaten he went to bed to sleep, perchance to dream. He was soon locked in the arms of Morphus, and dreaming. Again his foot was on his native platform, and he heard the warning toll of the whistle for brakes. The shadowy train bore him swiftly on; the telegraph posts fleeted on quicker and quicker; the whole country fled by like a panorama mounted on sheet lightning rollers. In his dream he heard far off another roar, and swinging out by the railing he saw another train coming at lightning speed around the curve. Both trains were crowded with passengers, in another minute they would rush together, and from the ruins a cry of agony would shiver to the tingling stars from the lips of the maimed and dying. The engineer had seen his danger, at that moment in his dreams he heard the whistle calling for brakes sound loud and unearthly. With the strength of desperation he grappled the brake and turned it down. There was a yell of pain, and "Ed" woke to find himself sitting up in bed and holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted off her head. That's how Ed's wife came to wear a piece of red flannel around her throat and complain of a wry neck.—*Missouri Democrat*.

A man in Wilmington has had a lizard in his stomach for twelve years, and much to his relief, the reptile came up a few days ago and crawled out of his mouth. The man says the lizard was very much surprised at his account of the events which have happened since it went down. It had heard nothing of the war, nor of the death of Napoleon, nor any of those things. It was annoyed at the man's dyspeptic condition, and came up to see the doctor about it.

HINTS TO SUMMER VISITORS.—People from the city are already swarming into the country. Farm houses are overflowing with unaccustomed occupants. Quiet hamlets are surprised into bustling activity. Voices echo through the woods, Mountain, lake and river have no longer any solitude. Villages put on a holiday look with the summer visitors loitering through the streets. This holiday life is to those who are fond of deep diving, or taking a "header," as it is more popularly known among swimmers, the following remarks will be found useful. They are intended to apply specially to swimming under water:

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is,

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Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis, and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments.

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment,

Call on

A. GRANT,

169 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

If you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

PATRONIZE:

FOSDICK & BUSS,
APOTHECARIES,
170 Main Street,
WOBURN.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand
Woburn Circulating Library.
New books added as soon as published.

GEORGE F. FOSDICK,
CHAS. H. BUSS.

For Hardware or Tools
CALL AT BUREL'S BLOCK 169 MAIN ST.

L. THOMPSON, JR.

Chas. A. Smith,

DRY GOODS,

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

CENTRAL MARKET,
151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

Beef, Pork & Mutton

ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES.

Fruit and Game,

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.

and everything usually found in a
Meat and Vegetable Market.

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage.

AN INTERESTING CASE.—A case is concluded in Indiana, in a manner to indicate that when a railroad company sells a ticket, it is with the understanding that the passenger will be furnished a seat. A passenger in Indiana lately refused to give the conductor his ticket until he was supplied with a seat. The train being crowded the conductor could not comply with his request and put the passenger off the car, having his baggage after him. The latter entered suit against the company and was awarded \$2000 damages by the jury which tried the case.

DO NOT ATTEMPT to reconstruct the household habits and arrangements. Doubtless light and air are delightful luxuries, but if the good woman shuts her blinds and doors, do not flaunt them open. Perhaps she prefers coolness to glare and shade to flies. Mosses and stones and bark are treasures to you, but do not clutter your friend's rooms with them, nor track mud or gravel over the doors while her shoulders are still shining with the sweeping and dusting. Newspapers and books and sewing and straw have scattered about may make the house look pleasant and social, to you, but if some one is careful to "pick up and put away" do not indulge in attractive disorder. If you propose to help, let your work a real help not a hindrance. When you flutter about the kitchen, or put your hand heedlessly to the domestic machinery, you may prove a vexation or a bother. Do not keep around in the way all the time. Give the family opportunities to alone. Never intrude on individual privacy. Let the knowledge of family affairs be that of friendly, personal interest, never that of curiosity. Be blind and deaf to whatever it is kind not to know. Express your appreciation of whatever is done for your comfort, and make your friends feel that their hospitality is a favor and a pleasure to you.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, fortitude and skill of the voyager.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "I have often been told that the best way is to take a bush by the horns; but I think, in many instances, I should prefer the tail."

A "honeymoon car" is now on the Pacific railway for the purpose of bridal parties. It has a comely as well as a honey comely appearance: is full of sweets, is full of seats.

things of this kind make the difference between the desirable and undesirable guest. People who are entertaining in the parlor are often uncomfortable visitors. "Put yourself in her place," if you would learn how to make your hostess enjoy you.—*Boston Herald*.

SWIMMING UNDER WATER.—To those who are fond of deep diving, or taking a "header," as it is more popularly known among swimmers, the following remarks will be found useful. They are intended to apply specially to swimming under water:

The cool, dewy morning brings no refreshing inspirations to her who, rising at early dawn, is still at noontide heat busy and anxious over the accumulated labors and complicated duties of the day. The brilliant sunset, the moonlight hour, the beauty and scenes of the forest, flowers, and rippling brooks; what heart or time has she to enjoy them? Overworked, oppressed by the heat, her strength, capacity and temper tried beyond endurance, carrying a mortified consciousness of her own irritability, unattractiveness and general depravity, and haunted by glimpses of the ideal beauty into which she might blossom, through these days of midsummer glory, if not so inexorably bound to the prosaic necessities of "much serving," is it strange if she loses the power of glorifying house work and making drudgery divine? Is it a wonder if the heated, tired woman, cooking the hot food and washing the dishes for the midday meal, lacks something of eager hospitality to the heedless, hungry guests? She managed to drag through August; at last the "dog days" end, the company depart, and what has the summer brought to her?

For the benefit of these over worked hostesses let me give a few hints to the "company."

DO NOT INVITE yourself, even to a near relative's house, unless there is a mutual understanding—a balancing of obligation. Probably your dearest friends may prefer to invite their own company, and choose the time to suit themselves. Your summer visit of two or three weeks may not be convenient to them.

You have no more right to quarter yourself on your aunt or second cousin without special invitation, than on any other person. You may wish to go into the country, and cannot afford to hire your board, but if you are going to get it out of your relations call it begging, and not visiting. The days have gone by when the sparseness of neighborhood and limited means and routes of travel, people exchanged visits and maintained acquaintanceship in that way. Nowadays, when every body goes everywhere every private house must be a hotel if the old ways of hospitality are kept up.

Study to make as little trouble as possible when you are an invited guest. An additional member of a family always increases the work, and one should exercise kindness and tact that there be no unnecessary trouble made. Be not over fastidious in multiplying spoon, forks and plates at your meals when it is your friend who must wash the dishes. Drop your dainty ways and niceties of habit and taste where there are no servants, or only those already overburdened, to minister to you. One can be neat, comfortable and refined with few appliances of toilet, table furniture or attendance.

The best bred people can be simple and content in primitive households making no reminder that they are used to different things. When indulging in the usages of good breeding, makes others uncomfortable or adds to their burdens, the highest courtesy will forego fastidiousness and personal comfort. It may be shocking to eat with a knife, but there are people well worth loving, but do it. Perhaps your friend would enjoy a fresh napkin, vases filled with flowers, white cambric dresses, etc., as much as you do, if she could indulge her tastes.

ALWAYS REMEMBER that you are the recipient of another's hospitality, and in the freedom and make-yourself-at-home of the welcome, be mindful of *meum* and *tuum*. The home and all it contains is theirs, not yours. Things which you can use carelessly may be valuable to them. While you are enjoying a lazy comfort on the shady porch or under the fruit-laden trees, your host may be sweating hand and toil in hand, husband and wife and child went down together. In the supreme moment of life, wife and husband forgot all past bickerings, and lost fear of death in the companionship of each other. They recked not of the opinions of the world, while the waves swept over them and the horror of sudden destruction was imminent, but were simply true to their instincts. One such fact will outweigh volumes of argument in favor of free love and easy divorce."

THE DAILY GRAPHIC says: "Never was a higher tribute paid to the marriage state than was given by the married men who were passengers on the wrecked Atlantic. The record of their fate is very touching. With few exceptions they refused to desert their wives and little ones. Wives begged their husbands to save themselves by flight from the sinking quarter deck, but they never stirred. Hand clasped in hand, husband and wife and child went down together. In the supreme moment of life, wife and husband forgot all past bickerings, and lost fear of death in the companionship of each other. They recked not of the opinions of the world, while the waves swept over them and the horror of sudden destruction was imminent, but were simply true to their instincts. One such fact will outweigh volumes of argument in favor of free love and easy divorce."

NOTHING TO BE SAID.—Some little time since, one of our prominent citizens had the misfortune to have a limb badly fractured, and another of our first class men, hearing of his friend's mishap, approached him to offer his aid and sympathy, when the one with the broken leg, with an acuity of look and speech unmistakable, exclaimed, "There is nothing to be said when a man's leg is broken; it's broke and that's the end of it." The sympathizing friend left, with reflections on misplaced confidence, ingratitude and kindred topics, and has never been known to offer his sympathy to any one in trouble since.—*Stonham Sentinel*.

AN INTERESTING CASE.—A case is concluded in Indiana, in a manner to indicate that when a railroad company sells a ticket, it is with the understanding that the passenger will be furnished a seat. A passenger in Indiana lately refused to give the conductor his ticket until he was supplied with a seat. The train being crowded the conductor could not comply with his request and put the passenger off the car, having his baggage after him. The latter entered suit against the company and was awarded \$2000 damages by the jury which tried the case.

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JAMES BUEL & CO.,

MACHINISTS,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Steam Engines,

Boilers Snafting, Pulleys Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.

129 Main Street, Woburn.

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in any form and manner.

Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plain and Galvanized Iron Pipe and Iron Fittings, Iron Nut and Screw Nuts, Sheet Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Glides and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valves, Valve Seats, Metal and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacings, Cotton and Linen Cloth, and all kinds of Machine and Engineers' Supplies.

Agents for the celebrated Cowing-Seneca Falls Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, Engine and Boiler, and all kinds of Piping.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Carriages, Wagons, Carts, Carrying-Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL, JOHN R. FLINT, Woburn, May 28th, 1870.

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WOBURN, MASS.

TELEGRAMS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7:30, 8:30 A.M., 12 M., 2:30, 5, 6 P.M.

North Billerica, 7:30, 10:30 A.M., 2:30, 5, 6 P.M.

Wilmington, 7:15, 10:30 A.M., 2:30, 5, 6 P.M.

W. Woburn, 7:30, 10:30 A.M., 2:30, 5, 6 P.M.

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washing, and on going to the wash room found to her surprise, that the large copper boiler which was filled with water the night before was gone. The thief had taken out the water and filled the tubs; a good thief that. Mr. Marden lives on Lake street.

Tuesday night the thieves visited the premises of Albert Winn on Summer street, and breaking into his wash house, took down the brick work around a large copper boiler, which cost about \$80, and made off with it without disturbing any one in that quiet locality.

Mr. Marcus Morton's house on Pleasant street was visited and broken into on Tuesday night; but the thieves had compassion on Marcus and did not take anything, probably becoming frightened at some noise.

The fourth we have to report is located near the ice-houses on a new street. Here is a house belonging to Addison Brooks. It was entered, twisted and stripped of gas fixtures, lead pipe etc., etc.

POST OFFICE.—The following has been received by Mr. S. Fowle, P. O.:

P. O. Box, Mass. Office, Aug. 26, 1873.

Sir.—Your request that Arlington, Mass. be made a money order office will be granted when the annual list of such offices for 1874 is issued. This will be on or about July 1st, 1874.

Very respectfully,
D. HAYNES, Acting Supt.

EXCISE.

Mr. William McKeen, who has been employed at Bedford, died suddenly Aug. 22nd, at the house of Mrs. Jonathan Lane, where he boarded. He retired at eight o'clock in the evening apparently in good health, and in an hour he was found dead. For some time he had been subject to heart disease and it is supposed his death was caused by this. Mr. McKeen was aged 54 years.

The planking which was put into the drain to keep the banks in place has been washed out and is now floating on the water, suggesting the idea of lumber rats. A view of the premises between Hancock and Bedford streets, leads us to think that the ditch dug by the R. R. Co. would have drained the meadows sufficiently. However, we will wait and see. We hope to be convinced that the present movement is a good one, for it will cost enough to render it very dear to every one.

We remember that in a speech made by one of our citizens previous to the erection of the Town House, the future of the town was drawn in fine colors. We forget how large we were to be, but we remember that when the Town House was built and the R. R. were extended, our collective fortunes were made. The R. R. was to be the through freight line from Lake Ontario to Boston. We little thought this would ever be true, but the revelations of the past week show signs of partial fulfillment. We have the Town House, and the R. R. extended. How about the fortunes?

DEPOT.—Woburn commenced in earnest upon the depot Monday morning of this week. Brick walls are being built under the wooden walls and the dividing partition. An addition of 75 feet will be built upon the lower end of the depot and this with about 20 or 25 feet of the present front half will be used for freight purposes. The rear half will be used for passenger track and platform. The balance of the front half will be occupied by two waiting-rooms, Superintendent's office and ticket office. Doors from each waiting-room will open upon the platform, which will extend from the partition to the track. The whole structure is to be clapboarded and painted. With these improvements our depot will present a more cheerful appearance, and patrons will be better accommodated.

SCHOOL MATTERS.—The public schools begin their sessions on Monday next.

The extension of the Hancock school House, to which we referred in a recent issue is now completed, and the little people of the primary school who gather there on Monday morning will find a large and cheerful room in place of the contracted and dismal apartment to which they have been accustomed. The new room is heated by a furnace, is well ventilated, and with its new furniture, hard wood floor, black boards extending around the walls, etc. it certainly is very attractive.

The committee seem to be making a special effort to improve the primary schools, and we desire to remind parents of their suggestions in the School Regulations that the term beginning in September is the starting point in the course of instruction. New classes are formed at this time and at no other during the year. On Monday next a new alphabet class will be formed and parents who expect to send their little ones at any time during the year for this or either of the advanced classes should not fail to have them begin then.

The course of instruction for the primary schools seems to be excellent. Every scholar is taught to read music and sing by note; drawing is attended to every day; even the youngest pupil is taught to print and write letters, words and sentences as fast as they are learned; and the exercises throughout the day are so varied—no exercise lasting over fifteen minutes—that it is rather a pleasure than a task for the little ones to be in the school room.

CHOLEA AND PAIN-KILLER.—The effects of Perry Davis's world renowned pain killer in all diseases of the bowels, even in that terrible scourge, the Asiatic cholera, has been amply tested by the most convincing authority. Missionaries in China and India have written home in commendation of this remedy in terms that should carry conviction to the most skeptical mind. It is a sure proof that the virtues claimed for it are real and tangible. Among the so-called family medicines, it stands unrivaled in the good opinion it has evoked from patrons of all conditions and degrees.—*Boston Courier.*

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Aug. 25, Margaret G., daughter of J. G. & Emma Thompson, of Cambridgeport, aged 3 years, 1 month, 27 days.

In Woburn, Aug. 26, Lydia W. Pratt, aged 39 years.

In Winchester, Aug. 26, Willard W. Cress, son of Cyrus and L. L. Cress, aged 11 months.

In Woburn, Aug. 26, John Thompson, aged 26 years, 10 months. Funeral from Mr. Jonathan Thompson, No. 14 Main street, Woburn, Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

In East Lexington, Aug. 27, Alice Bala Jones, aged 14 years, 5 months.

In Lexington, Aug. 28, Charles Harrington, aged 14 years, 5 months.

In Woburn, Aug. 25, Joel Stearns, aged 83 years, 1 month.

In Lexington, Aug. 24, Anna Merriam, aged 81 years, 1 month.

In Bedford, Aug. 23, Wm. McKeen, aged 51 yrs.

Special Notices.

SCHOLARS.—NOTICE.
All scholars and teachers belonging to the Warren street schools, are requested to assemble at the Union street school-house, on Monday, Sept. 1st.

E. H. DAVIS,
Supt. of Schools.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Woburn Lyceum Hall First National Bank in Woburn, on Tuesday, the 24th of September next, at 7 o'clock, P. M., to choose officers for said Association for the ensuing year, and to transact all other business as may legally come before said meeting.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Clerk.

Woburn, August 20th, 1873.

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OWNERSHIP IN WOMEN.—A man was recently hanged in Massachusetts on one who had practically disputed his property in a girl. The man was a brute, of course, but he had an opinion that a girl who had given herself to him, in the complete surrender that a woman can make, was in some sense his—that her giving herself to another, involved her dishonor—and that his property in her was to be defended to the extremity of death. A prominent newspaper, while recording the facts of the case, takes the occasion to say that this idea of ownership in women is the same barbarism out of which grow the evils and wrongs that the "woman movement" is intended to remove. If we were to respond that ownership in women, only blindly apprehended as it was by our brutal gallows bird, is the one thing that saves us from the wildest doctrines and practices of the free lover, and is one of the strongest conservative forces of society, it is quite likely that we should be misunderstood; but we shall run the risk and make the assertion.

There is an instinct in the heart of every woman that tells that she is his to whom she gives herself, and his alone—an instinct that bids her cling to him while she lives or he lives—that identifies her life with his—that makes of him and her twin flesh. When this gift is once made to a true man, he recognizes its significance. He is to provide for her that which she cannot provide for herself; he is to protect her to the extent of his power; she is to share his home and be his closest companion. His ownership in her covers his most sacred possession, and devolves upon him the gravest duties. If it were otherwise, why is it that a woman who gives herself away unworthily feels, when she finds herself deceived, that she is lost?

—that she has parted with herself to one who does not recognize the nature of the gift, and that she who ought to be owned, and, by being owned, honored, is disowned and dishonored? There is no true woman living, who, when she gives herself away, does not rejoice in the ownership which makes her forever the property of one man. She is not his slave to be tasked and abused, because she is the gift of love and not the purchase of money; but she is his, in a sense in which she can not be another man's without dishonor to him and damnation to herself.

Our gallows bird was, in his brutal way right. If he had been living in savage society, without laws, and with the necessity of guarding his own treasures, his act would have been looked upon as one of heroism by all the beauties and braves of his tribe. The weak point in his case was that his ownership in her pleased to call "his girl" was not established according to the laws under which he lived. He was not legally married, and had acquired no rights under the law to be defended. What he was pleased to consider his rights were established contrary to law, and he could not appeal to law for their defense. He took the woman to himself contrary to law, he defended his property in her by murder, and he was hanged. He was served right. Hemp would grow on a rock for such as he any where in the world. There is no cure for the man who seduces and slays, but a broken neck.

There is nothing more menacing in the aspect of affairs in this country than the effort among a certain class of reformers to break up the identity of interest and feeling among men and women. Men are alluded to with sneers and blame, as being opposed to the interests of women, as using the power in their hands—a power usurped—to maintain their own predominance at the expense of woman's rights and woman's well-being. Marriage under this kind of teaching, becomes a compact of convenience into which men and women may enter, each party taking along the personal independence enjoyed in a single state, with separate business interests and separate pursuits. In other words marriage is regarded simply as the legal companionship of two beings of opposite sexes, who have their own independent pursuits, with which the bond is not permitted to interfere. It contemplates no identification of life and destiny. The man holds no ownership in woman which gives him a right to a family of children, and a life devoted to the sacred duties of motherhood. The man who expects such a sacrifice at the hands of his wife is regarded as a tyrant or a brute. Women are to vote, and trade, and practice law and preach, and go to Congress, and do everything that a man does irrespective of the marriage bonds. Women are to be just as free to do anything outside of their homes as men are. They are to choose their careers and pursue them with just as little reference to the internal administrations of their families as their husbands exercise. This is the aim and logical end of all the modern doctrines concerning women's rights. The basis of the institution of the family, is scoffed at. Any ownership in woman, that comes of the gift of herself to him, and the assumption of the possession by him, with its life long train of obligations and duties, is condemned. It is assumed that interests which are, and must for ever remain, identical, are opposed to each other. Men and women are pitted against each other in a struggle for power.

Well, let it be understood, then, that men are opposed to these latter-day doctrines, and that they will remain so. They are determined that the identity of interest between men and women shall never be destroyed; that the sacred ownership in women, bestowed in all true marriage, shall never be surrendered; that the family shall be maintained, and that the untold millions of true women in the world who sympathize with them shall be protected from the false philosophies and destructive policies of their few misguided sisters, who seek to turn the world upside down. Political conventions may throw their sops to clamoring reformers, but they mean nothing by it. They never have redeemed a pledge to these reformers and we presume they have never intended to do so. They expect the matter to blow over, and if we do not mistake the signs of the times, it is rapidly blowing over, with more or less thunder, and with very little rain. In the meantime, if the discussions that have grown out of these questions have tended to open a broader field to woman's womanly industry, or obliterated unjust laws from the statute book, let every man rejoice. No good can come to woman that does not benefit him and no harm that does not hurt him. Humanity is one, and man and woman are not far together.—Dr. F. G. Holland, Scriber's for September.

A NEW MAYFLOWER VOYAGE.—Nineteen families—numbering about 100 in all—of persons professing the Mennonite faith, arrived in New York the other day. This is the second body of that peculiar class which have arrived this summer. The homes of these people were at Pirosia, in the Crimea, where they lived in plenty on considerable farms. The efforts of the Czar to Russify them by renewing their long time exemption from military service, and by trying to induce them to adopt the Russian tongue in place of their ancestral German, and to conform in other respects to Russian customs, determined the Mennonites to emigrate. This colony of Baptists tinged with the Quaker tenet of non-resistance, has been given by

the Russian government a space of ten years in which either to emigrate or adopt wholly the Russian spirit and ways. After that time if they remain they must be content to lose themselves in the general level of Russian subjects, with the enjoyment of no isolation or special privileges of any kind. Notwithstanding the announcement of the government that any of this sect are at liberty to emigrate at any time within the prescribed ten years, the body which arrived Saturday had considerable difficulty in getting permission to leave the country. Only after repeated applications to provincial governors, to the governor-general, and finally to the minister at St. Petersburg, were they allowed to go. They start at noon for Kansas, where lands have been secured for them. Their first thought was towards Canada, as the English government promised them immunity from military service, but the greater fertility of American western lands and the attractions of republican government determined their choice. The members of the company are sturdy, well-to-do folk, with considerable money obtained by their earnings and the sale of their Crimean property. They are good husbandmen, and will form a valuable element of western thrift.

What Shall We Do With Our Boys?

It is as impossible to "make" a chemist, or an engineer, or a naturalist of a boy if he has no taste or aptness for those studies, as to make a post out of a digger Indian. It is no unusual circumstance for parents who have boys just entering upon manhood, to come to us desiring counsel in regard to placing them in a chemical laboratory, that they may "earn the trade," as to their eyes, the business seems remunerative. They have no special genius, no training in preparatory studies, no decided leaning towards chemical manipulation or research, but the desire is to have them "made" into chemists. There is a mistaken idea, common with parents, that their children are as well adapted to one employment as another, and that they only need opportunities to learn regarding this pursuit or that, to become proficient and rise to eminence. More than half the sad failures so commonly observed, are due to being forced into the wrong road in early life. Young men are forced into pupils when they should be following the plough, forced into courts of law when they should be driving the plow in a carpenter's shop; forced into sick rooms as physicians, when they should be guiding a locomotive, or heading an exploring party in the Rocky Mountains; forced into industrial pursuits when they should be in the counting room or shop.

The engines are of peculiar design, having a "cab" nearly as high as a Pullman car, and a boiler eight feet longer than in the usual pattern, extending back to the rear of the frame so that the fireman's post is in the tender. On top of the boiler, in the two story cab, is provided a seat on either side, one for the engineer and the other for the fireman when not otherwise engaged, and as one driving or supply of coal in the fire box will run the machine thirty miles, his duties are not nearly so onerous as heretofore, when he was almost constantly at work.

The engineer's seat is on the right hand side above the running board, where he is entirely surrounded by glass, and is completely protected from the weather. At his side are all the various appliances for controlling the machinery, including the reverse, throttle, variable exhaust pump, Westinghouse brake, injector and whistle levers, oil valves running from a large tailstock to the steam chests and blower valve, while in front are the gauge cocks and glass water gauge. This enables him to manage any and all portions of his engine with hardly a motion of his body, while being at a great elevation, he has a largely extended view of the road ahead. The cab is of black walnut, finished in cherry and ornamented in gold. The frame and running work is painted a dark chocolate, while the gauge cocks and glass water gauge, are with green and gold striping, except the wheels, which are in red and green. All the machinery of the engine is of highly polished steel and iron, the finish being fully equal to the best stationary engine work. The boiler is jacketed in Russia iron with brass straps, and the Westinghouse compressed air reservoir, which is usually concealed behind the fire box, is placed just behind the forward tracks, and is finished in the same material. The fire box is eight feet long, fitted with water grates and a peculiar dumping attachment. It has a great surface of twenty-five square feet, against fifteen in the other engines. These grates also pivot forward at an inclination of nine inches in their entire length, which both facilitates combustion and aids the ashes to work out. On top of the boiler are two domes, a sand box and bell. The drivers are five feet in diameter, and the cylinders are seventeen inches in diameter with twenty-four inch stroke. The machines each weigh thirty-five tons. The tenders are nineteen feet long and are painted in the same colors as the engines. They have a fool board and tool box at the rear end, but otherwise resemble those in common use. As previously stated, Mr. Thompson does not expect to attain economy, but he does secure a most important niche in the world; fact, the world could not do without them. They constitute the great army of men who build our railroads, tunnel our mountains, load and unload our ships, cut down our forests, and manipulate the red hot iron masses which come from our blast furnaces. Scold and fret as we may, we cannot alter the temperament or propensities of such boys. Nature is stronger than we are, and well is it for us that this is so. If our boys are born to live in subordinate or humble positions, we can hardly help it; we may hold them in a false position by the power of wealth, or strong controlling influences, but when these fail they fall at once to their place, in obedience to a law as irresistible as that which Newton discovered in the fall of the apple.

What shall we do with our boys? Study to learn what they are capable of doing for themselves; aid them, encourage them to do well whatever work is suited to their natures. Regard every calling as honorable, the labor of which is honorably performed, and thus insure happiness and prosperity to our offspring.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

A Danvers man has discovered a new variety of toads, upon which his name has been conferred. And yet he is not happy.

IMPORTANT!

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is,

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made,

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment,

Call on

A. GRANT,

169 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

IF you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

PATRONIZE

FOSDICK & BUSS,

APOTHECARIES,

170 Main Street,

WOBURN.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

Woburn Circulating Library.

New books added as soon as published.

GEORGE F. FOSDICK, CHAS. H. BUSS,

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK IN MAIN ST.

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Chas. A. Smith,

DRY GOODS,

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

Beef, Pork & Mutton

ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES:

Fruit and Game,

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and

Relishes,

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage.

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DR. C. T. LANG'S

Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church.

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THE best quality of PLUMBING

MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept

always on hand.

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MIDDLESEX COUNTY JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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Established in the Glorious Work.

The Woburn Water Works are a fact accomplished, and water now courses through the mains, and in a few days will be at the disposal of the numerous takers. It may not be uninteresting to refer to the history of this matter. At a meeting held Nov. 8, 1870, a committee was appointed to investigate the subject of introducing water into Woburn. They were given ample authority to engage engineers, make surveys, etc. The committee consisted of Messrs. Cummings, Harlow, Choate, Dow and Champney. They petitioned the Legislature for an act granting power to use Horn Pond water, and construct water works. The Act was passed May 17, 1871. At a meeting Nov. 11, 1871, the question of accepting the Act came up, and the subject was referred to the committee with instructions to report within four months in print. The committee visited various sources, and reported in February, strongly favoring the acceptance of the Act. On the 5th of March, 1872, the Town accepted the Act of May 17, 1871, discharged the old Committee, and April 1, 1872, chose Mr. M. Todd, Charles Choate and N. J. Simonds Water Commissioners, and instructed them to examine various systems of supplying water, and report as soon as possible; also to issue a circular to the amount of \$200,000. At a meeting June 4, 1872 the Commissioners reported in favor of the reservoir system, which was adopted, and they were instructed to proceed at once. They immediately made a contract with George H. Norman to build the reservoir and lay the pipes. He commenced on the former June 17, and on the pipes July 26. The contract for the engine house was given to W. S. York, Aug. 14, and work commenced on the chimney Sept. 30. In digging for a conduit a wonderful supply of water was encountered. The attempt to pump out the cutting was abandoned late in the season, and resumed again with larger pumps on the 14th of March. The original plan was changed so that the water instead of being taken from the Pond is taken from a filter gallery, which will probably furnish all the water required and of a degree of purity superior to any thing in the State. The work of keeping the filter gallery free from water was very difficult, but May 24, at 9 A. M., the first foundation stone was laid, and from that time the work has proceeded rapidly to its completion. The work extended over a period of 14 months, but as work was suspended about two months in the winter, the actual working time has not exceeded one year. Mr. Choate resigned Mar. 11, and April 7, E. W. Hudson was elected in his place.

We have kept our readers informed of the progress made from week to week, and we now congratulate the town upon the fact that water is running in the pipes through our streets. The engines from the Worthington Co., reached here, after being wrecked on Hyannis, July 17. The boilers built by John Lally, were put in place, and the final connections made with the engines last Saturday, Aug. 30. In the morning a fire was built in the chimney to dry it out, and at 5:15 P. M., the fires were lighted under the boilers. These were kept up, giving a low pressure of steam, and on Monday at 4:30 P. M., water was forced by the great engines into the mains for the first time, the Commissioners thereby making good their promise to have the water in by the first of September. The next day, Tuesday, Sept. 2, the gate was opened and water forced into the reservoir. The first water showed itself to be exactly 5:55 P. M., as timed by our reporter. The pumps were worked but a short time each day, the purpose being to test the pipes especially at the joints. One joint near the engine house leaked, but it was promptly fixed. The gates were opened towards Town on Wednesday and water let on as far up as Fowle street.

PHALANX.—The Phalanx went into camp on Tuesday, officiated as follows:—Capt.—Alonzo L. Richardson, 1st Lieut.—A. T. Young, 2d Lieut.—Marcellus Littlefield, Orderly Sergeant.—G. M. Buchanan, M. S. Sergeant.—Geo. J. Pindar, 2d Sergeant.—J. F. Leslie, 3d Sergeant.—James A. Brown, 4th Sergeant.—J. Stone Jr., 5th Sergeant.—W. H. Foster, 1st Corporal.—C. W. Converse, 2d Corporal.—Stephen H. Cutler, 3d Corporal.—Wills J. Buckman, 4th Corporal.—A. R. Van Tassel, Lieut. Young went to Framingham with a camping party on Monday. The company left Woburn in the 7:30 train, and reported on the field with sixty-five men.

HIGHLAND HOSE.—The new engine house on Green street, being nearly complete, the parties interested in the formation of a new hose company met on Monday evening at the residence of one of the members to organize. The Chief and Clerk of the Engineers were present. The company was organized as No. 5 of the Woburn Fire Department, and they selected the name of Highland Hose. Clarence Littlefield was chosen clerk and Charles K. Conn, treasurer. The meeting adjourned subject to a call of the clerk, and he has since warned the company to meet at the Engineers' Room this (Friday) evening to fill the board of officers. The company will run with the hand hose carriage formerly used by the Perhams. It is being fitted up at Pollard's and will carry 400 feet of hose.

DRAINAGE.—The Water Board of Charlestown were in town on Tuesday to confer with our Selectmen about our tanners. Various plans were suggested for the carrying off the sewage, and finally a committee consisting of E. W. Hudson of the Selectmen, H. Conn of the tanners, and T. Richardson of the Charlestown Water Board, were chosen to procure surveys and report a plan.

SELECTION.—Petition of John Gilcrest and others for a street lamp on Union street was referred to Sup't. of Street Lamps. E. Prior was licensed as an auctioneer. Petition of C. R. Thompson for the numbering of houses on Elm street was referred to the Clerk. Bond of E. J. Simonds, collector, was received and approved.

CAUCUS.—The Republicans of Woburn are called to a caucus next Monday evening as will be by a notice in another column. The Committee recommend a ballot in the case of the State delegates, a very proper measure, which we hope to see adopted.

BREAKDOWN.—Whitcher's lumber team broke down on Hudson street, last Wednesday afternoon.

DEMOCRATS.—The Democrats have nominated ex-Mayor Gaston, of Boston, for Governor.

(Reported for the Journal.)

CACUS.—The Liberal Republicans and Democratic voters of this town, held a caucus at Hibernian Hall, Saturday, Aug. 30, 1873, for the purpose of electing delegates to the Democratic State Convention which is to take place at Worcester, Wed., Sept. 3, 1873, to elect delegates to the County, Councilor and Senatorial Conventions. The meeting was called to order by Mr. T. H. Hill, shortly after 8 o'clock, P. M. The meeting was organized with the choice of A. S. Leslie for chairman and Peter Sexton Sec. A committee of three consisting of T. H. Hill, Chas. Breslin, and Geo. J. Monroe, was appointed to report lists of delegates. The committee reported the following gentlemen for the State Convention.—William M. Miller, B. Sherburne, John Connolly, Walter Wyman, Cyrus Monroe, John K. Doherty, Capt. J. P. Crane, Thomas Salmon, John McGovern, John G. Flagg Jr.

John G. Flagg Jr offered the following which was adopted:—

Resolved. That the delegates be requested to vote first and always at the coming State Convention for Hon. William Gaston for Governor.

County Convention.—T. H. Hill, Patrick Crehan, Chas. Breslin, Andrew McGovern, John A. Doherty, Wm. M. Miller, A. E. Thompson, John H. Connolly, W. A. Stone, John K. Doherty.

Councilor Convention.—A. E. Thompson, John A. Doherty, Patrick Driscoll, Cyrus Monroe, Peter Kenney, A. S. Leslie, T. Corcoran, J. F. Larkin, James Dowry, Rufus Pickering.

Senatorial Convention.—Walter Wyman, Patrick O'Driscoll, M. McGuire, D. Samson, Stephen Dow, Capt. J. P. Crane, B. Sherburne, Thos Salmon, Geo. J. Monroe, J. J. McShane.

The reports were adopted. The meeting was remarkably orderly, and a spirit of harmony existed throughout, the meeting adjourned about 9:30 P. M.

YURRADOR.

N. E. FAIR.—The Fair opened on Tuesday, and between 7000 and 8000 people were present. The show of cattle is very fine indeed. Horses also take a prominent place, Rev. W. H. Murray being the most prominent among the exhibitors. The show of farming tools is good, but fancy articles are not numerous. The depth you could look and watch the movements of the Indian tribes, was very great, yet though the latter lacked the grandeur and sublimity of the former scene, it could not fail to awaken the sense of the beautiful and charm us with the varied succession of views which it affords. Leaving Winchester at about 8 o'clock, A. M. and passing over our own railroad, which is always a pleasure to ride upon for its good accommodations and pleasant conductors, we arrive at the Weirs and are safely transported over the placid waters in the "Lady of the Lake," arriving at Centre Harbor after a ride of ten miles, in time to dine at the Seutter House, so well known in connection with its genial landlord and his two sons, who make every one of the guests feel at once at home, and by their cordial welcome and friendly care, do much to make this house so deservedly popular. The village of Centre Harbor is at the head of one of these northern bays of the lake. It was settled by Colonel Seutter 1757 and was named in his honor, but the improvement of the town has been slow, and in 1870 it had only 446 inhabitants. There are pleasant drives in the vicinity, which our limited time would not allow us to improve. One morning we took a trip to Woburn (20 miles) by steamer, occupying an hour, and spent the forenoon in looking about the place. Woburn was settled in 1770, and is a thriving town, about 2000 inhabitants. Its situation on two long hills near the lake is very beautiful, and fine views of the mountains and hills are obtained. There are several good hotels here, the Pavilion ranking among the first. The extension of the railroad here has added greatly to the convenience of visitors, although the pleasantest method of reaching here is by steamer from Alton Bay. Excursion parties over the lake are quite frequent and are very enjoyable as well as at very reasonable expense. We got back to Centre Harbor at noon and spent the major part of our remaining time through the day in roaming around the village, while in the evening we looked at the young people as they danced to the inspiring strains of the excellent music of the orchestra in the spacious parlors of the hotel. But as all vacations come to an end only too soon, so has ours, and after our travels of about 1000 miles, we have come home, we hope improved in health, and with much experience gained from our trip. We are pleased to notice that the events transpiring in our town during our absence have been duly chronicled. Turkey Swamp seems to be still triumphant, and its waters do not flow as yet, to beauty and gladden our hearts.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse, Aug. 30th, Raymond Fay, Stoneham, a minor, charged with the larceny of fruit from a garden; committed to the State Primary School at Monson. George Robinson for like complaint, discharged for want of evidence.—Sept. 1st, Daniel Lynch, drunk, \$5 and costs.—Sept. 3rd, John F. Barrett, drunk, \$3 and costs.—Sept. 1st, John Ferrin, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquor with intent to sell, \$10 and costs, 30 days in House of Correction, \$1000 recognizance and 20 days more in House of Correction if fines are not paid; appealed.

UNLUCKY.—Mr. Charles Howard, the gravel roofer has met with bad luck lately. During a late storm, three or four roofs which he had in process of completion, were blown off, thus necessitating doing the work a second time. To add to his troubles, two of his horses have died within a fortnight. Under this combination of unlucky circumstances Mr. Howard shows good pluck, however. We wish him success.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED.—We are authorized by the Water Commissioners to say that the statement of workmen putting in service pipes that they will not connect with a pipe already laid, is entirely unauthorized. Mr. Norman's contract makes it his duty to connect with pipes already laid, and parties will not be charged for it.

ROADS.—The Commissioners voted to survey Sheridan street and report it as a town way. Instructed the Engineers to place bounds on Richardson, Hudson, Buck, Ash, Green-extension, and corner of Main and Railroad streets.

MUSICAL.—F. B. Dodge has added musical instruments to his stock in trade. He is sole agent for the Mason & Hamlin Organ, and will have organs and pianos of the best makers on exhibition at his store.

DELEGATES.—Friday morning 441 delegates are reported chosen to the Republican State Convention, of which, Butler has 214, Washburn 213, doubtful, 14.

H. & L.—The Hook & Ladder Co. have ordered a new uniform, and will appear in it when they receive their new truck, which they have named "John Gilcrest," in honor of our gallant Chief Engineer.

N. E. FAIR COURT.—Justice Converse reports that eight cases were tried before him at Medford on Wednesday. Two of the prisoners were committed and the balance has started on, as well as their respective bills.

SKOWHEGAN.—A party of Woburn sportsmen have left town for the wilds of Skowhegan, where they expect to shoot and fish for weeks. We hope to hear from them before their return.

SKUNK.—During the heavy shower of Monday, a skunk which had taken refuge in the drain opposite Woodbury's corner was drowned out. As he emerged, some boys discovered him, and soon stoned him to death. Not, however, until in the manner peculiar to his kind, he had impregnated the air for a long distance with a pungent odor which in some cases caused an early closing of stores.

CAUCUS.—The Republicans of Woburn are called to a caucus next Monday evening as will be by a notice in another column. The Committee recommend a ballot in the case of the State delegates, a very proper measure, which we hope to see adopted.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Mr. J. H. Waitt, of Malden, is a candidate for election as County Commissioner. He has served four terms, or twelve years, and thinks one more term will close his official life. The County convention might be held in the Center of the town.

PEARS.—Mr. B. T. Batcheller gave us very excellent Butter Pears, the other day, which relished finely.

We have also received from Mr. W. A. Colegate's gardens some very nice specimens of the fruit. The County convention might make a worse choice than to take "Uncle Joe."

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS.

The Graphic recently gave an illustration of the new chamois issued by the Murray Hill Publishing Company, 129 East Twenty-eighth street, from Bispham's painting—"Throw Physic to the Dogs." The subject is a little girl physicing various specimens of the canine race. The scene is a laughable one, and the different attitudes of the dogs are exceedingly pleasing.

It was designed to illustrate Dr. Foote's aversion to drugs, and accompanies a copy of his well known work, "Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense."

The Doctor's practice is thoroughly "New School," and in this way he stands prominently out from the profession a successful practitioner.

The book is a volume of 912 pages and 200 illustrations, filled with facts and reason relating to mankind, and their social and physical status. The Graphic says of it: "It is an encyclopaedia of useful knowledge." A noted clergyman of this city testifies to its merits remarking, "It is a library in itself."

The Franklin Repository, of Chambersburg, Pa., speaks of the picture as "a beautiful chromo, very pleasant, and so enjoyable as to be almost good company."

—New York Express.

A CARD.

The undersigned would call to mind that his name is made mention of as one of the Delegates to the Senatorial and Councilor Conventions. I took no part in the said business for I have no faith in Democrats and particularly in the anagram of the Yeager-Goovay. I heard the Secy of the meeting mention my name as a substitute, and then there told them that I would be a substitute for no man, I only wish that they would make use of the maxim that names are potential things; they are part of what with which the world has to deal; the rest we take care of ourselves. There are some men whose names are common property, but I am not one of them. Yet the mistake came in somewhere, and now it is corrected.

PATRICK O'DRISCOLL.

RUNAWAYS.—Last Saturday while Mr. J. S. Marcy was engaged in putting a lot of mattresses into the freight car in the depot yard, his horse took flight at the Weirs and was safely transported over the placid waters in the "Lady of the Lake," arriving at Centre Harbor after a ride of ten miles, in time to dine at the Seutter House, so well known in connection with its genial landlord and his two sons, who make every one of the guests feel at once at home, and by their cordial welcome and friendly care, do much to make this house so deservedly popular. The village of Centre Harbor is at the head of one of these northern bays of the lake. It was settled by Colonel Seutter 1757 and was named in his honor, but the improvement of the town has been slow, and in 1870 it had only 446 inhabitants. There are pleasant drives in the vicinity, which our limited time would not allow us to improve. One morning we took a trip to Woburn (20 miles) by steamer, occupying an hour, and spent the forenoon in looking about the place. Woburn was settled in 1770, and is a thriving town, about 2000 inhabitants. Its situation on two long hills near the lake is very beautiful, and fine views of the mountains and hills are obtained. There are several good hotels here, the Pavilion ranking among the first. The extension of the railroad here has added greatly to the convenience of visitors, although the pleasantest method of reaching here is by steamer from Alton Bay. Excursion parties over the lake are quite frequent and are very enjoyable as well as at very reasonable expense. We got back to Centre Harbor at noon and spent the major part of our remaining time through the day in roaming around the village, while in the evening we looked at the young people as they danced to the inspiring strains of the excellent music of the orchestra in the spacious parlors of the hotel. But as all vacations come to an end only too soon, so has ours, and after our travels of about 1000 miles, we have come home, we hope improved in health, and with much experience gained from our trip. We are pleased to notice that the events transpiring in our town during our absence have been duly chronicled. Turkey Swamp seems to be still triumphant, and its waters do not flow as yet, to beauty and gladden our hearts.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse, Aug. 30th, Raymond Fay, Stoneham, a minor, charged with the larceny of fruit from a garden; committed to the State Primary School at Monson. George Robinson for like complaint, discharged for want of evidence.—Sept. 1st, Daniel Lynch, drunk, \$5 and costs.—Sept. 3rd, John F. Barrett, drunk, \$3 and costs.—Sept. 1st, John Ferrin, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquor with intent to sell, \$10 and costs, 30 days in House of Correction, \$1000 recognizance and 20 days more in House of Correction if fines are not paid; appealed.

UNLUCKY.—Mr. Charles Howard, the gravel roofer has met with bad luck lately. During a late storm, three or four roofs which he had in process of completion, were blown off, thus necessitating doing the work a second time. To add to his troubles, two of his horses have died within a fortnight. Under this combination of unlucky circumstances Mr. Howard shows good pluck, however. We wish him success.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED.—We are authorized by the Water Commissioners to say that the statement of workmen putting in service pipes that they will not connect with a pipe already laid, is entirely unauthorized. Mr. Norman's contract makes it his duty to connect with pipes already laid, and parties will not be charged for it.

ROADS.—The Commissioners voted to survey Sheridan street and report it as a town way. Instructed the Engineers to place bounds on Richardson, Hudson, Buck, Ash, Green-extension, and corner of Main and Railroad streets.

MUSICAL.—F. B. Dodge has added musical instruments to his stock in trade. He is sole agent for the Mason & Hamlin Organ, and will have organs and pianos of the best makers on exhibition at his store.

DELEGATES.—Friday morning 441 delegates are reported chosen to the Republican State Convention, of which, Butler has 214, Washburn 213, doubtful, 14.

H. & L.—The Hook & Ladder Co. have ordered a new uniform, and will appear in it when they receive their new truck, which they have named "John Gilcrest," in honor of our gallant Chief Engineer.

N. E. FAIR COURT.—Justice Converse reports that eight cases were tried before him at Medford on Wednesday. Two of the prisoners were committed and the balance has started on, as well as their respective bills.

cess of execution for a few weeks. An order of notice has been served upon the said Commissioners, the Selectmen and inhabitants of Arlington—on petition of Nathan Robbins, W. Proctor, W. L. Clark, L. P. Bartlett, et al—to appear before the Supreme Court Sept. 5th, to show cause why the injunction prayed for should not be granted. The petitioners ask that the authorities may be restrained from proceeding with their work which is being done agreeable to the order of the said Commissioners. We went to press before we learned how the hearing resulted.

NEW MAP.—The new map of the Arlington Water Works, constructed by C. D. Elliott, engineer, is completed, and is on exhibition at the Town Clerk's office. It was compiled from maps of H. Walling with additions and corrections from plans in possession of the Town Clerk of Arlington. The map is from the office of W. R. Fish, Civil Engineer, Boston. It is a nice piece of work. The title is very handsome, and the lettering is gotten up in the best of style. The scale is 200 feet to the inch. The map shows the streets with the pipes (different sizes being designated by different colors), gates and hydrants. It will ornament the walls of the Water Commissioners' office when the changes are made in the Town Hall building.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Carter, Aug. 29th, Daniel Sullivan, Willie Ferguson, John Bradley, Thomas Mead, James and Willie Shay (the balance of the melon-stealers), settled same at first lot, satisfaction being acknowledged, and the parents dividing the costs.—Sept. 1st, Patrick Connors, drunk, \$2 and costs.—Sept. 21, John Devin, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed for non-payment. Winslow Sullivan, disturbing the peace, \$1 and costs. James Roach and Thomas Galivier, disturbing the peace, \$5 and costs each. Sept. 3d, John Hyde, keeping disorderly house. The curious feature of this case was, that after sundry neighbors had repeatedly complained of the place as a nuisance, on account of the disorderly conduct of its frequenters, when brought to the witness stand, they had forgotten all their wrongs, and the prisoner went free. Thin.—very.

TOOK MEETING.—September 3d. Art. I.—Hon. J. S. Potter was chosen moderator.

Art. 2.—Voted down a further appropriation of \$25,000 on the "Water Ac count."

Art. 3.—Voted to widen Mystic street, from Arlington Avenue to Winchester line, to a uniform width of 50 feet.

Art. 4 and 5.—Motion of grading Pleasant street, and of accepting a new street laid out through the "Kimball Estate," running from Mystic street to Meadow land in the rear, and known as "Pearl Avenue," both indefinitely postponed.

Art. 6.—Voted to give Selectmen full power to remove stone crusher to Summer street or some other convenient place.

Art. 7.—The Treasurer, under direction of the Selectmen, was authorized to borrow money for the building of a new street from Vine street to Arlington Avenue.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Wednesday afternoon, just as the four o'clock train from Woburn was leaving the Fair Ground Station, a man named Howe, residing in Stoneham, stepped on the board the train, and as the conductor took his ticket a moment afterward told him that he wanted to go to Stowham. He was informed that the train could not be stopped, and that he would be able to take a train for Stowham when the train reached Boston. The conductor then passed on, and almost immediately afterward the engineer whistled for brakes, and on the train being stopped it was found that the man had jumped from the train and fallen under the wheels of the engine, and was crushed to his body, mangling the limbs in a terrible manner. When taken on board the train he was alive, but died on the way from the depot to the Massachusetts General Hospital.

West Medford.
NEW STREET.—A wide avenue to be called Boston Avenue is being constructed from High street to Winter Hill station. This will bring into use a large quantity of excellent building land.

Burlington.
FIRE.—Burlington is supposed to enjoy profound quiet, but one in a while the surface is disturbed, and last Friday witnessed an instance of this kind. About 11:30 A. M., fire was discovered in one corner of the L connected with the house of Mr. J. Clark Haven. This building is a two and a half story dwelling house, and is located in Haverville. The family was absent at the time, but the neighbors, consisting of four men and a number of ladies, came forward and worked with a will. The result of their labors was the saving of the furniture, doors and windows. The house which was burned down, was valued at \$2500 and insured for \$1000. There was a lack of water, the supply lasting only 20 minutes. No cause is assigned for the fire.

Bedford.
FOR SALE.—When last I wrote you, I was conscious of having had a rest on one of the good old fashioned beds of down, after which I am ready to meet the developments of the coming day, and enjoy a Sabbath at the mountains. I take an early start and locate myself in order that I may behold the first appearance of the sun over the lofty mountains. I wait in vain; for, let his golden beams have already gilded the tops of the lofty heights at my back, and all nature is rejoicing in his early start. I must admit that I am a little turned round, for that luminary has performed his work so faithfully for ages that he cannot be in error, and it would be useless for me to dispute his right of way. The little church stands in the midst of the cluster of dwellings near at hand, but it is not the day for preaching here, as the services are held at the foot of the mountains, "The Union," and here alternately, and it is their turn to-day. We must study the attributes of God in his mighty works about us, or take a long tramp on foot to worship him in his sanctuary. We decide on the former, and in company with a number of juvenile cousins, direct our steps to the heights of a giant spruce whose umbrageous arms could protect a multitude besides our little company, we look through nature up to nature's God."

Apply to B. T. H. Porter.

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J. H. TYLER, Register.

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TURNING THE TABLES.

Breakfast had just been cleared away, and the little sitting room was very bright and cheerful in the yellow glow of the June sunshine. There were pots of purple blossomed violets in the window seats, and books piled on the table, and close beside the fire Mrs. Haven had seated herself at her desk to write some letters.

She was a trim, compact little woman, with bright, brown hair and eyes to match, and a firm, resolute mouth that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase "retrosee." Mary Haven had a phrase "retrosee." Mary Haven had a phrase "retrosee."

"Mrs. Haven, mom, if you please?"

"Yes," said Mary Haven, describing at once by the infallible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunder storm in the domestic atmosphere below.—"What is it, cook?"

"It's not that you're not a kind mistress, mom," said the cook, twisting the hem of her checked apron, "and the wages is good, not to say company allowed once a week, and the Sunday evening always ours; but there are some things flesh and blood cannot stand no more, they can't, mom, and I han't no patience with such doings, and if you please, suit yourself, mom, at a month's warnin'—"

"Why, cook, what is the matter?"

"Some can abide meddlin' with men, and some can't; and if the barrel of mackerel sets in the wrong corner, an' the sugar boxes ain't kept cover'd proper, it's the mistress should tell me of it, not the master, and if Mr. Haven wants to be cook, men, well and good; but I won't stay in the same kitchen."

And the cook flounced out, maltreating her apron, having had her say.

Mrs. Haven flushed scarlet. She arose and went down to the cellar, where her husband, minus his coat, was endeavoring to move a huge washing machine.

"You see, Bridget," he called out, "this is the worst possible place the thing could stand in, and—why, Mary, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," said Mrs. Haven; "I thought you had gone to the office, Henry."

"I'm going, presently," said Mr. Haven. "But you see, Mary, everything down here is by sixes and sevens. It's well I come down here occasionally. Cook has no more economy than a wild savage, and Bridget puts everything where it shouldn't be. My dear, have you looked over the grocer's bill for a month?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Haven.

"Well, it's quite alarming. There is a leak somewhere; and that reminds me—the molasses keg is dripping at the rate of half a pint a day."

"I'll see to it," she said.

"But you don't see to it, my dear; I found a box of stale eggs on the top shelf—eggs, my dear, that are completely wasted, when eggs are five cents each."

Mr. Haven retreated from the field, vanquished but chafing.

At the door of the carpet store McAlister met him.

"It's all right, sir; the oil cloth is half way down by this time."

"Which oilcloth?"

"The burlap, sir; cheap goods—Mrs. Haven was here and ordered it some time since."

"The mischievous she did!"

"I hope there's no mistake, sir?" asked the dealer, anxiously.

"No—no, returned honest Henry, disconsolately, adding to himself as he turned away, "What has got into Mary, she is crazy?"

"Now, Puss, you are out of temper," said Mr. Haven, good humoredly; "and how very unreasonable that is of you!"

"Henry," said Mrs. Haven, laying one hand appealingly on his shoulder, and looking up in his face, "you don't know how it annoys and mortifies me to have you interfere like this in my domestic affairs."

"Aren't we a firm—Henry Haven and wife?" said he coolly, "and are not our interests identical?"

"Yes; but Henry Haven has his department, and his wife ought to have his."

"That's all nonsense, my love."

"Henry, you will oblige me by leaving these domestic concerns to my own management."

"I would do much to oblige you, dear Mary, but I shall not concede that point," he said, as he took his departure, leaving Mrs. Haven very indignant and meditative.

Bridget's voice broke forth with Celtic accent upon her reverie.

"Please, ma'am, I found this little black book behind the flour barrel."

"Thank you, Bridget, it is Mr. Haven's." Bridget disappeared.

The column devoted to that day was full of closely written memoranda:—

"See Kartwyn & Daley about the house in Twelfth street; do not let them have it for \$1200. Call at McAlister's and order the green oil cloth instead of the burlap for the office floor. Tell Martin to proceed at once with the suit of Russell vs Russell. Remind clerk not to settle the tailor's bill—alteration to be made first. Go halves with Jordan for his half of the bill."

Mr. Haven had the words without much interest, but presently her eyes brightened, and a roguish suspicion of a smile began to tremble around her resolute lip.

"I am very glad I found this memorandum book," she thought. "Let me see—Henry told me he was going to Brookly in the morning, so there will be plenty of time."

She glanced at her watch and rang the bell.

"Bridget, you will step around the corner, and tell them to send a carriage for me immediately."

Her bonnet and shawl were on long before the carriage arrived, and she employed the surplus time in jotting down various addresses from the directory.

When at length the carriage arrived, she took her seat with the self-possession of a queen.

"Drive to Kartwyn & Daley's No.

553—street."

Mr. Kartwyn came to the office door, a dried-up little lawyer, much astonished at the apparition of a pretty woman in a carriage.

"Good morning, Mr. Kartwyn," said she calmly. "I am Mrs. Haven. I called to let you know that you could have the house in Twelfth street for a thousand dollars a year. I suppose that you are aware, sir, that the property belongs to me."

Mr. Kartwyn bowed low, delighted with the good bargain he was about to secure.

"And now drive to McAlister's carpet store," said Mrs. Haven.

She walked in with cool self-possession.

"Mr. Haven has concluded to take the buff oil cloth," she said.

Mr. McAlister stared, but entered the order in his books.

"I will have it sent around immediately."

"Now the tailor," thought Mary.

Snip and Scissors had an elegant establishment on a side street, just out of Broadway. Mary walked up to the subject again; but Mr. Haven was cured of his one bad habit.—Mary's single stratagem was worth a thousand remonstrances.

The tailor presented the document, which was promptly paid.

"Where now, ma'am?" asked the driller.

"Mr. Jordan's Real Estate Agency, opposite—street."

"Ah, Mrs. Haven, is that you?" said the Agent, cheerfully. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Mary, graciously. "I called to speak to you that my husband has thought better of the Central Park lot. He will not take half."

"All right," said Jordan; "Smith and Parker are only waiting for the chance. I'll let them know at once."

"I don't think I've done quite mischief enough," said Mrs. Haven to herself. "I will go down to the office now, turn the stove around, and make Jack re-arrange the law books."

And the cook flounced out, maltreating her apron, having had her say.

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for having been into its interior this little distance.

A peep into Aunt's dairy apartment is worth your while, for in that great round the milk not only a dozen or more of cans filled with the milk from twenty cows occupy places which tell the thorough housewife what section requires the services of her skimmer first; the rows of tubs of golden butter, the dozens of cheeses on the shelves, the boxes of eggs, the barrels of flour, and assure you that a part of what you call butter, would find a lodging in the soap grease up here. A cup of coffee with a portion of cream looks and tastes very different from that which is drawn from milk that gets its cream from the "from-milk cows." A stock of maple sugar has its place near at hand and nothing seems to be lacking. Do I hear you say the children cannot have the advantages of an education? To the south of the school house is a little behind the times, but here the people appreciate an education for they have to go away to other parts to attain it, and they are not behind in any respects. A library of choice selections ornaments the sitting room, its shelves are filled with books, with accumulations of dust and cobwebs, for want of use, but are well read and often quoted from.

But that my story must now draw to a close, for I would gladly linger till the sun is taken down, and the cold winter men. I would like an apple from that tree which was brought from Carlisle, Massachusetts, on the back of one of her natives when he left his home and settled as a pioneer among these hills. Yes, I have a right to be here, to stay with these hospitable people, and I think I have exaggerated these accounts, come and look for yourself, and I am positive you will agree with me that one must see and taste in order to appreciate.

ABRAM.

Died.

Date of name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Sept. 10th, Eliza Frances, only daughter of John P. and Mary J. Allen, aged 14 years, 4 months, 1 day.

In Woburn, Sept. 10th, Patrick Cummings, aged 20 years.

In Arlington, Sept. 10th, Gracie A. daughter of John P. and Kate M. Bryan, aged 8 months.

In Woburn, Sept. 4th, Eliza, daughter of Michael and Anna (Fitzgerald) O'Neil, aged 1 year.

In Woburn, Sept. 4th, Mary McHugh, aged 62 years, 5 months.

In Woburn, Sept. 5th, Melania Comer, aged 21 years.

In Lynn, Sept. 4th, Arthur Andrews, son of Jacob S. and Killa G. Estes, aged 7 days.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Gas-light Company, will be held at their office, in Woburn, on Tuesday, October 14th, 1873, at 7 o'clock P. M., for choice of officers, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

ABRAHAM THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, Sept. 10th, 1873.

DODGE'S

Piano Forte

ROOM,

Cor. Main and Railroad Streets,

WOBURN.

SOLE AGENT FOR

Mason & Hamlin

Cabinet Organs,

for Woburn and vicinity.

—ALSO—

First-class Pianos,

Piano Stools,

Covers, &c.

PIANOS For sale at the lowest prices for cash.

PIANOS To sell on installments. Payments monthly.

PIANOS Furnished for schools at low prices.

PIANOS Taken in exchange for new ones.

PIANOS Treated and repaired in the best manner.

PIANOS Packed and shipped to any part of the County.

PIANOS For sale in every way to suit all customers.

PIANO COVERS Of all styles and prices.

PIANO STOOLS Of great variety at low prices.

PIANOS Of better class and lower for cash than any other dealer in MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

Two first-class houses on the corner of Court Street and Church Avenue, containing nine large rooms each, modern and convenient, with water over the whole, will be finished by October 1st, 1873.

JOHN CLOUGH.

House Lots For Sale.

Twenty eligible Lots for Sale on the South side of Horn Pond Mountain. Fine views and splendid situations. Terms easy. Inquire of S. M. Allen, 28 State Street, Boston, or Lewis W. Erskine, on the premises.

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E. P. PRIOR, REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.

Also particular attention given to Collecting Bills.

OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

PARTIES Having Houses for sale or to let will please call upon

E. P. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent, 194 Main St., Woburn.

REMOVAL.

We have just opened an

Entirely Fresh Stock

—OF—

CARPETINGS

At our New Store,

178 & 179

TREMONT STREET

Near Boylston Street,

which includes a large assortment of

Axminster, Wilton,

BRUSSELS,

Tapestry and Ingrain

CARPETS.

ALSO

Oil Cloths, Mattings, Bockings,

Rugs, Mats, etc.

J. LOVEJOY & SONS,

199

(Formerly of Summer St.) BOSTON.

New Church Music Book.

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SEPTEMBER 8, 1873,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

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MISS ISABEL C. TENNEY, Formerly teacher in Framingham and Normal Schools, Teacher of Language and Literature.

MR. FRANK E. MORSE, Instructor in Mechanical Drawing at the Mass. Institute of Technology, will take charge of the classes in Drawing.

This School is intended to give a thorough practical course of instruction in the English, Latin and French Languages, and in the Sciences, and to instruct in the Natural Sciences; also in Mechanical, Architectural and Free-Hand Drawing.

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MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

The following thrilling account we clip from the Boston *Journal*, one of whose correspondents recently was cast away on Mt. Washington:—

And now we begin the fearful ascent of Jacob's Ladder. The little car, brought nearer to a perpendicular position by the acute inclination of the road, seems ready to fall backwards upon the engine and hurl itself into the abyss below. The increased tremulous motion, penetrating through every nerve and fibre, the louder clang of the machinery, the short, sharp snorting of the locomotive and slightly decreased speed, show the herculean labor being performed.

Poised in mid air, thousands of feet from the bottom of the mountain, in the very clouds themselves, a storm raged with out, covered with a perfect sea of darkness, our only shelter a frail bark which, for all we knew, the slightest mishap may cause to be dashed into atoms on the rock below, and who will wonder that the stoutest hearts feel just a little of fear!

Onward we went, steadily onward and upward, when, just as we were congratulating ourselves that the worst of the journey must be over, there came, without warning or premonition, a loud crash like a thunderbolt, shot from a cloudless sky, so sudden and unexpected was it. Then there was an instantaneous stoppage of the New World, but it must have been a perfect funeral compared with the joy we felt on discovering that little shanty! Stout-hearted Scotsmen in the beleaguered fortress of Lucknow, are said to have wept like children on hearing the notes of the slogan which betokened the approach of the army which was to set them free; but what was their rejoicing compared to what we felt on meeting those guides!

Having been lost for some time, we finally struck the railroad, and followed it up to a small shanty, near the top of the mountain, occupied by workmen on the road, where we arrived entirely exhausted and worn out. The guides sent down to us, after having hunted for several hours in vain, had taken shelter here from the storm to await events.

There might have been joy on board the Pinta when Columbus first set eyes on the green hills and fertile plains of the New World, but it must have been a perfect funeral compared with the joy we felt on discovering that little shanty!

Stout-hearted Scotsmen in the beleaguered fortress of Lucknow, are said to have wept like children on hearing the notes of the slogan which betokened the approach of the army which was to set them free; but what was their rejoicing compared to what we felt on meeting those guides?

We have heard it stated that when a person is drowning there is a peculiar action of the mind, by which all the events of a life time pass in instantaneous review. Whether true or not as regards death by water, we know that there was a great deal of thinking done in a few moments last night in mid air at Jacob's Ladder.

Was there a panic? No. Did anyone scream, or faint or jump to overboard? No, far from it. It was all so sudden, so appalling, so overpowering, that the effect was like the reverse. But when the stupifying horror of the moment had passed, there came such a realization of the situation, such a thankfulness, such a calmness that it seemed as though some great benediction had fallen upon each heart, and rendered it too full for utterance.

The main eccentric shaft of the engine was broken short off, deranging all the machinery, and rendering further progress by rail, either up or down the the mountain, utterly impossible. Of course there was a hurried and anxious consultation as to what had better be done, but there was one thing settled on the instant, and that was to leave the car, whatsoever might come next. Nothing on earth could have kept us there any longer. It was raining in torrents, blowing a gale and blacker than Egyptian darkness, but that was nothing to the dread uncertainty of what possibly might happen if we remained where we were, and so gathering up such light baggage as was at hand, out we started into the rain, into the gale, into the night, and clung to the timbers, to the car, and whatever else could be laid hold of, as best we could, like so many drowning rats.

When lights were brought and our position determined, it was found that the accident had occurred within a few feet of the upper end of the first section of the Ladder, where the great trestle work stands, upon a sort of abutment, and rests upon a sort of abutment, formed by the projecting ledge, very much as a bridge rests upon its embankments at either end. The road was just as steep here as elsewhere, but our light above the rocks was much less, being, so to speak, nearer the shore, which rendered landing possible; whereas, had the disaster occurred a few rods either below or above, we must have remained all night in the car, or clinging to the trestle work. As it was, we reached the ground with no little difficulty and danger.

Once landed, it was one of three things: To remain where we were, to go down the mountain to the station, or go up the mountain to the Summit House. The first proposition meant being clung through and through, and perishing without exertion; and of the other two we chose the last. And so we started, through the darkness and storm, on one of the most terrible journeys ever performed, since the night on which the beautiful young lady whose monument stands in sight of my window as I write, a perpetual admonition to the adventuresome tourist, laid down her life in an attempt to make the same perilous ascent.

But here pen fails me, for who can picture that desperate struggle for life—the hope, the fear, the despair and the triumph of last night's adventure! Or who describes the narrow escape from pitfalls and precipice, the lights scaled, the depths explored, as chilled and blinded by the driving storm, we clambered, torn and bleeding, over the jagged rocks, up the steep sides of the bleak mountain? Or, how strong men broke down and gave out in utter despair; how weak and sickly women had to be almost carried along by male strength; how others repeatedly fainted and fell, overcome by the terrible exposure and exertion, until life itself seemed gone out forever; or how one beautiful young lady, self-sacrificing to the last degree, immortalized herself by deeds of valor worthy of the Spartan mothers of old. And who can describe the thankfulness that filled our souls when, after having wandered about for hours, we were discovered by the guides sent out for our rescue, and conducted in safety to the top of the mountain? Or the emotions of each heart as our little party gathered around the spot where the lovely Lizzie Bourne perished, and in mournful silence, amid storm and darkness, added our tribute to the little monument. These things must be imagined, they can never be described.

On the train at the time of the accident was Col. J. W. Dodge, the efficient Superintendent of the road and popular landlord of the Summit House, to whom our party will always be under lasting obligations for his many attentions. There was also luckily on the train a "slideboard." This is an implement used by workmen on the road to descend the mountain with and consists of a plain hard wood board or plank about fifteen inches wide and four feet long, having a sort of brake by which it can be partially controlled by its single passenger. It is said that one of these boards can travel from the top to the bottom of the mountain in less than five minutes! But they are considered dangerous, even in experienced hands and when used in broad daylight, two men having already been killed and several se-

riously injured. As soon as the disaster occurred the brakeman descended to the station at Marshfield on this slideboard, at the risk of his life, and telegraphed to the Summit House for guides with lanterns, to be sent to conduct us up the mountain. Col. Dodge then organized our company into a procession, single file, cautioning us to "make haste slowly," and was unremitting in his exertions for our safety and comfort all the way up. But on such a night, and over such a route of what avail was the most experienced guide? All we could do was to keep as nearly as possible the general bearing of the railroad, and push forward over rocks piled literally mountains high, and even then we were repeatedly lost, the gallant colonel falling to the rear exhausted, his two hundred and twenty-five pounds avoiding his becoming at last an overmatch for his indomitable courage.

Poised in mid air, thousands of feet from the bottom of the mountain, in the very clouds themselves, a storm raged with out, covered with a perfect sea of darkness, our only shelter a frail bark which, for all we knew, the slightest mishap may cause to be dashed into atoms on the rock below, and who will wonder that the stoutest hearts feel just a little of fear!

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Stout-hearted Scotsmen in the beleaguered fortress of Lucknow, are said to have wept like children on hearing the notes of the slogan which betokened the approach of the army which was to set them free; but what was their rejoicing compared to what we felt on meeting those guides?

What shall we say of our reception on arriving at the Summit House? The hundred or more guests of the house had of course been up from the time of the first news concerning the disaster, and were all on the "qui vive" for our arrival. Then there was a steaming hot supper already, dry clothing, stimulants, hot handkerchiefs—everything which the good judgment of man or the kind heart of woman could suggest was placed at our service. Mrs. Dodge and her beautiful daughters were not only generous and thoughtful, but perfectly overwhelming in their kindness.

For kindness; we had been without you; Angels are painted fair to look like you;

There is all that we have of heaven, Among brightons, purity and truth, Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

This is slightly changed from Otway, but for the better.

The ART OF TEASING.—As if there were not troubles enough in the world that come upon men without human design, people set themselves to work to diminish happiness and to increase misery. Philologists tell us that there is in man an organ and faculty of destruction—that, when unregulated, it invents cruelty; that it is the root of that horrible pleasure which the old Romans had, and their modern descendants still have, in murderous gladiatorial shows, contests of wild beasts, bull fights, etc.

But there runs through modern civilized society a vein of the same quality. People that would fain to see a gash of blood, and who think themselves Christians, have a lively enjoyment in witness pain, and cultivate the art of inflicting it. The mention of a few of the methods employed will make good my words:

The delight with which many report bad news; the eagerness with which they report to people evil sayings which can not but increase the feelings, show a morbid love of suffering. This is not the trait of a villainous nature. It exists in people of real kindness of disposition. It is not anomalous, because it is so widely extended as to seem normal.

Some people scatter pain-producing elements thoughtlessly, and are surprised and sorry when they witness the sufferings produced. Others do it for momentary pleasure, without making any bad results. But now and then we find persons who love to torture a victim. They enjoy another's sufferings. It is their happiness to see some one made keenly miserable by their lance like tongue. They will smile, and talk in low, sweet tones, and shout out quivering sentences, poison-tipped, and cast a look sideways, as if they strike, and at every sign of pain their face grows bright.

In part this is a latent ambition. People thus assert their power over others. It raises one in his own estimation to perceive that he can control the moods of another.

But there is a still more common exhibition of the love of suffering. It is seen in the ignoble, without universal Art of Teasing. We see it in its most unregulated form among children, who nip and pinch each other, make up mouths, twist each other's clothes, run off with toys, pass and joggle, point with insulting fingers, and in a hundred ingenious ways, strive to make each other miserable. As they grow up, it often happens that young people carry on a campaign of teasing each one vying with another which shall be the sharpest.

It does not cease with youth. Grown folks, good-natured, kind-hearted, well-meaning and full of benevolence in the midst of all their kindness. By sharp speech, by vailed sarcasm, by exciting curiosity which they will not gratify, by narrating pretended facts, by similes complimenting by railing one when circumstances put a reply, by equivocal praise, by the blunt telling of some truth that had better be left unsaid, and by hundreds of ingenious ways which would fail to tell, people inflict pain upon each other.

Those who in the main are striving to make friends happy, will have one black thread in the web of white. Those who really love each other have a strange fondness for stirring each other up.

There is an innocent and even pleasure producing method of railing, which, if deeply and graciously done, heightens the enjoyment of society. One may touch a discord if it lapses into a true chord. Sometimes, when we have good news to tell, we are bewitched with a desire to open the master as if it were a great trouble that we are about to break. There is a gentle badmouthing, an innocent arrow-shooting, which datters and charms. But it is full of the other sort. If Darwin is right in thinking that men ascended from monkeys by gradual evolution, then it is a new edition revealing the results of that great venture. In any event, therefore, fame will imperatively demand a new edition of the results of that great venture.

Professor Wise evidently does not intend, in case his balloon goes to the bad, to die "unhonored and unloving," whatever else may become of him. Before he launches his great balloon he will publish a new edition of his book, entitled "Through the air: A narrative of Forty Years Experience as an Aeronaut." In case the balloon fails this will keep the courageous and devoted professor's memory green. But he succeeds—why the great, discriminating, critical, reading public will imperatively demand a new edition revealing the results of that great venture. In any event, therefore, fame will reward our great American aeronaut for all his labors to navigate the air.

MURRAY ON THE HORSE.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray closed his very excellent address at the N. E. Fair, as follows:—

I cannot, before I close, resist the inclination to put on record in this connection my strong protest against the conduct of certain people, who by slurs and innuendoes and misrepresentations, seek to bring into popular disgrace the most delightful and elevating branch of American culture—the breeding and training of fine horses. Such behavior is both disgraceful to the breeding and training of fine horses, and so far as it has any influence on the public, hurtful to the best interests of the country. As a branch of business, it represents an enormous amount of capital, as the national statistics show—of capital, too, contributing actively, year by year, to the commercial prosperity of the land, and also largely and directly to the health and happiness of its inhabitants. From the settlement of the country, the horse has been intimately associated with our social and religious life, as we have also most potentially contributed to the development of its trade and commerce. Without the aid of the noble animal these thoughtless persons persist in associating with gamblers and jockeys, our religious congregations could never have been assembled Sabbath by Sabbath in the churches, nor our political gatherings held, nor, as we all realize in view of the revelation of last winter, during the epidemic season, could our business enterprises have been carried out. Why an animal so noble by nature, and useful to us all, should be singled out for reprobation, or to engage in his propagation and training be stigmatized as a low and vulgar pursuit, passes my comprehension. For one, I acknowledge a debt of gratitude to those, who by importation of blooded animals, or careful attention to the principles of breeding, have contributed to the improvement of the American horse. The world is happier and better conditioned to-day because of the efforts of these men, and his capacity to serve us all, and his desire to teach men useful knowledge; to add to the intelligence and human impulse of the country in respect to the humblest of God's creatures; to show those of small fortunes how to increase their little means, and help to improve their own condition, as well as the aggregate prosperity of the country; to fire with a worthy ambition the young agriculturists to produce better stock than his father bred before him—if this, I say, is a legitimate and proper object of breeding.

Those who in the name of the Union, are laboring to accomplish the same noble end—men whose public spirit I admire, and the integrity of whose characters I hope to equal, but may never expect to exceed—will be gratified to learn that their efforts are not in vain.

For the last few days we have been

IMPORTANT!

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is,

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment,

Call on

A. GRANT,

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IF you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

PATRONIZE

FOSDICK & BUSS,

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170 Main Street,

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A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

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New books added as soon as published.

GEORGE R. FOSDICK,

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For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BURG'S BLOCK IN MAIN ST.

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DRY GOODS,

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

Beef, Pork & Mutton

ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES.

Fruit and Game,

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and

Relishes.

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage.

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135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church.

200 P.M. to 9 P.M.

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Eddy's Improved Refrigerators,

which still have the lead in the market, at reduced prices, in order to make room for Fall goods. Call and examine.

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200 per day 1 Acrea weight 15 lbs. all classes of working horses.

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